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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

March 1991

IN THIS ISSUE: SPECIAL NEWSBREAKER SECTION... WRESTLEMANIA VII DETAILS: THE HULKSTER DRAWS THE LINE!

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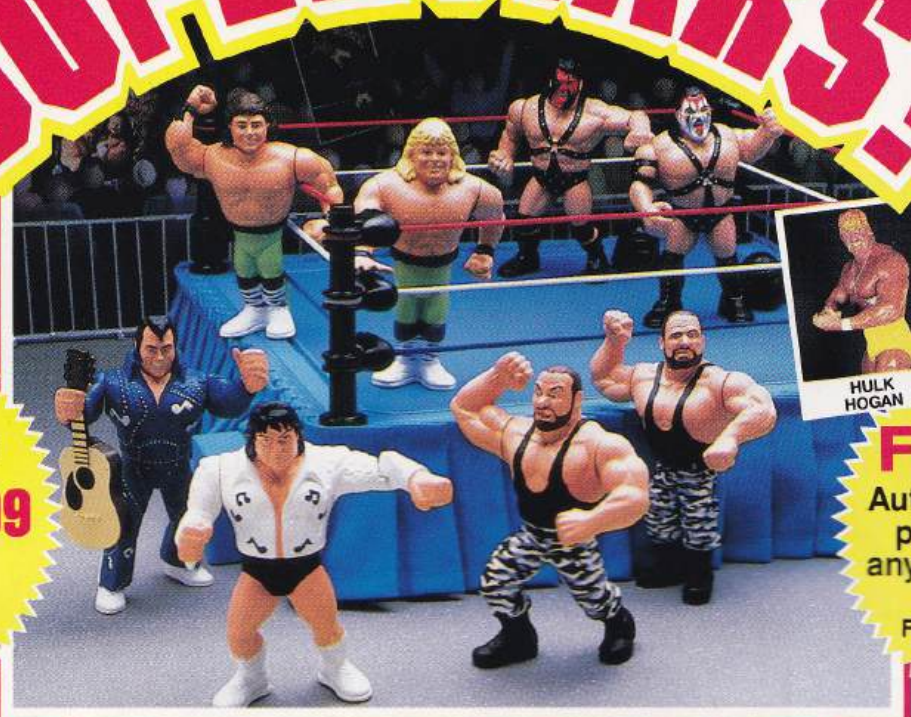

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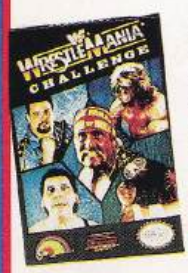

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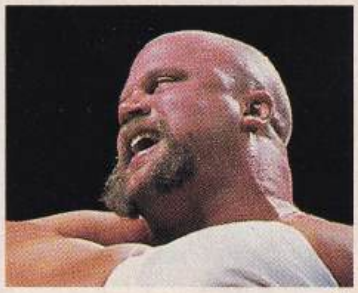

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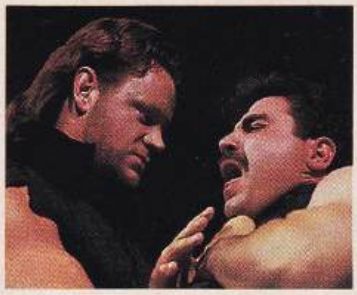

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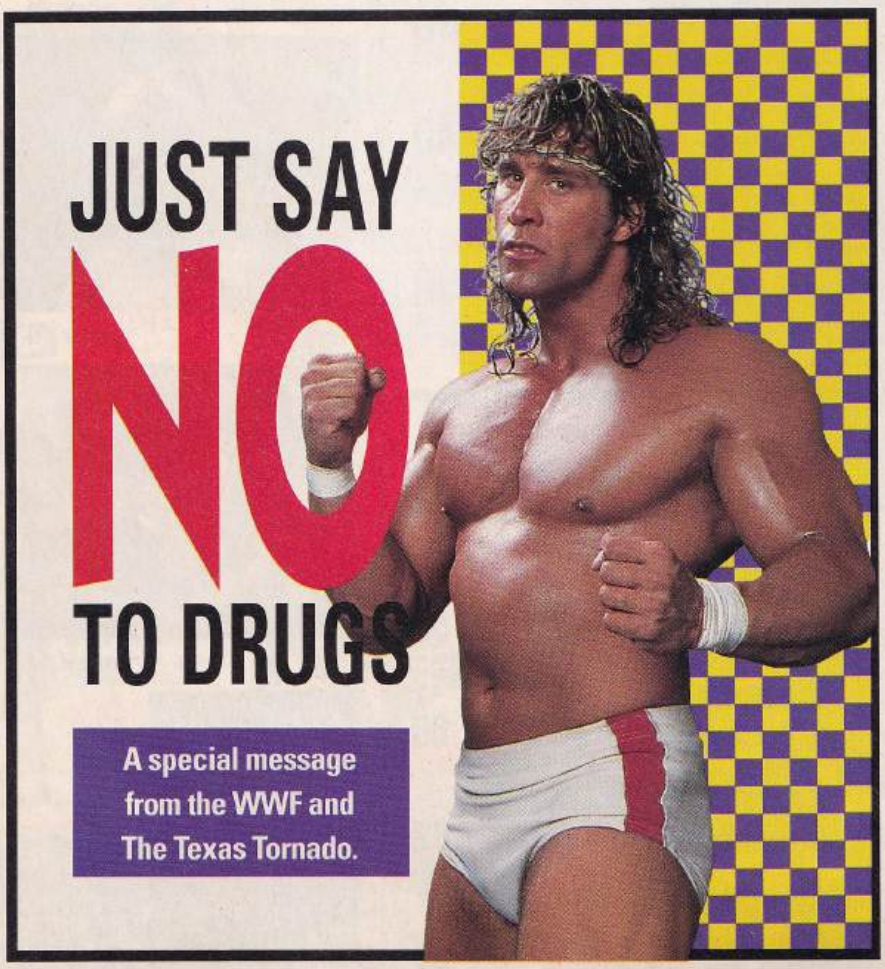

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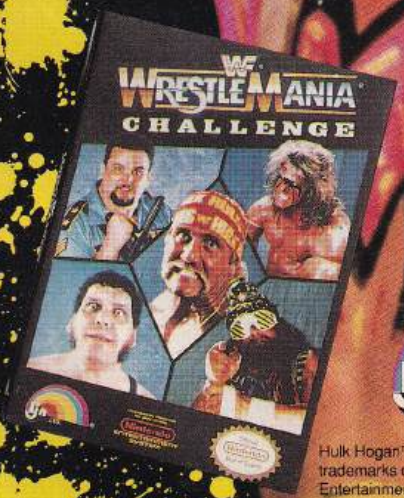

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AROUND THE RING

By Ed Ricciuti

This issue, we are pleased to bring you a preview of *WrestleMania VII* aired live from the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum over pay-per-view cable television March 24. Get an advance look at the matchups that you're surely going to want to see. And make sure your cable company carries this great wrestling event.

Next issue, that on sale in mid-March, will have the most important late-breaking events relating to *WrestleMania VII*. The issue also will contain text and photographs that will bring you detailed coverage of the *Royal Rumble*. All in all, it will be one heck of an exciting issue.

There's trouble brewing between several wrestlers in the WWF. Let's check to see which ones.

Brother Love's frightening specter, the Undertaker, who is the subject of a feature in this issue, seems destined to clash with the big and brawny Tugboat. The Tugboat has let it be known that he is fed up with the Undertaker's scare tactics. "I don't scare easily," says Tugger, "although that ugly face of his is enough to scare anybody."

The Warlord, Slick's massive brute, has his eye on the British Bulldog Davey Boy Smith. It seems that the Warlord, proud of his awesome physique, doesn't like all the praise that Davey Boy has received for his impressive musculature since coming back to the WWF. Slick, eager to see his man fired up and hoping that he'll rate a title shot if he destroys Smith, has egged on the Warlord.

"That Bulldog boy thinks he's just somethin'," says Slick. "Well, Warlord, you gonna show him he's a real nothin'."

We have a feature this issue on the Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase's latest target for insults, the Texas Tornado. DiBiase continues to bad-mouth the Tornado's native Lone Star State and its citizens. We really hope the Tornado puts a stop to it. We feel that there's no room in the WWF for the type of prejudice and stereotyping which DiBiase has evidenced. Jack Tunney should act on this just as he did to stop Bobby "The Brain" Heenan's scurrilous comments about the Big Boss Man's mother. How about it, Jack?

Speaking of Jack Tunney, we have to admit he has been tightening the reins on wrongdoers over the last several months. We would like to see this continue. There are a number of rules that need better enforcement, such as those against illegal double-teaming and outside interference from managers. Tunney needs to come down firmly on several people.

When it comes to rules that need better enforcement, we would like to know what you, the readers, think. Which rules are being abused the most? As usual, we'll publish selected answers in *Fan Forum*. **WF**

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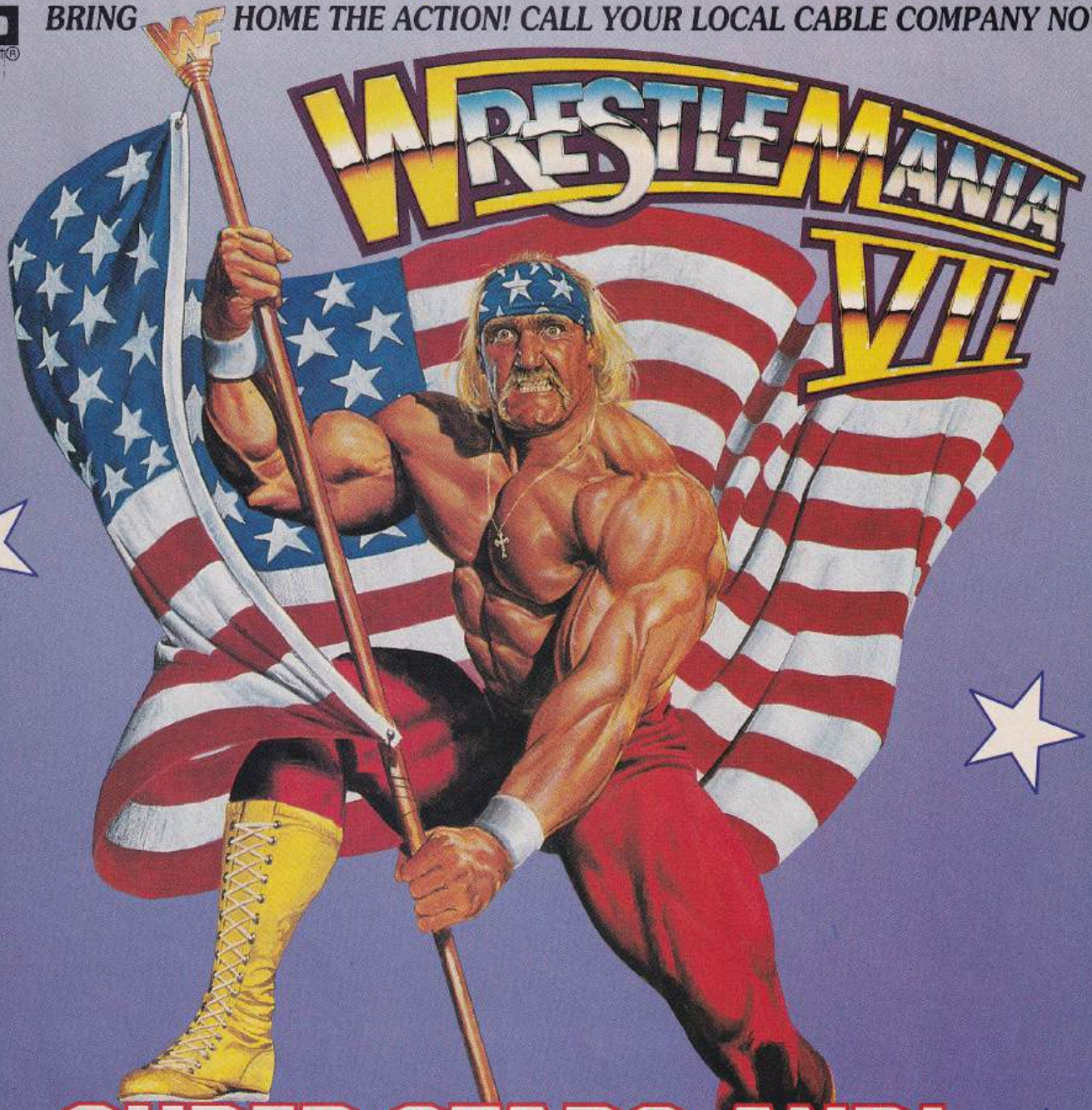

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FAN FORUM

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Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake continues to have a place in the hearts of WWF fans. Just have a peek at the following letters.

"Hi, Brutus. Just a little note letting you know how glad my girlfriend and I are that you're doing better. We sure do miss watching you kicking butt. Hurry back soon." Mike Torres and Christine Ryan, San Diego, California.

"Dear Mr. Beefcake, I was very sorry to hear about your accident. I hope you'll be struttin' and cuttin' again soon." David Shearer, Kenmore, New York.

"I'm really crazy about Brutus 'The Barber' Beefcake. It really shocked me when I read about his accident. I wish him all the luck I can give, and I'll always be thinking of him deep in my heart." Anouchka Voorhorst, Bilhaven, the Netherlands.

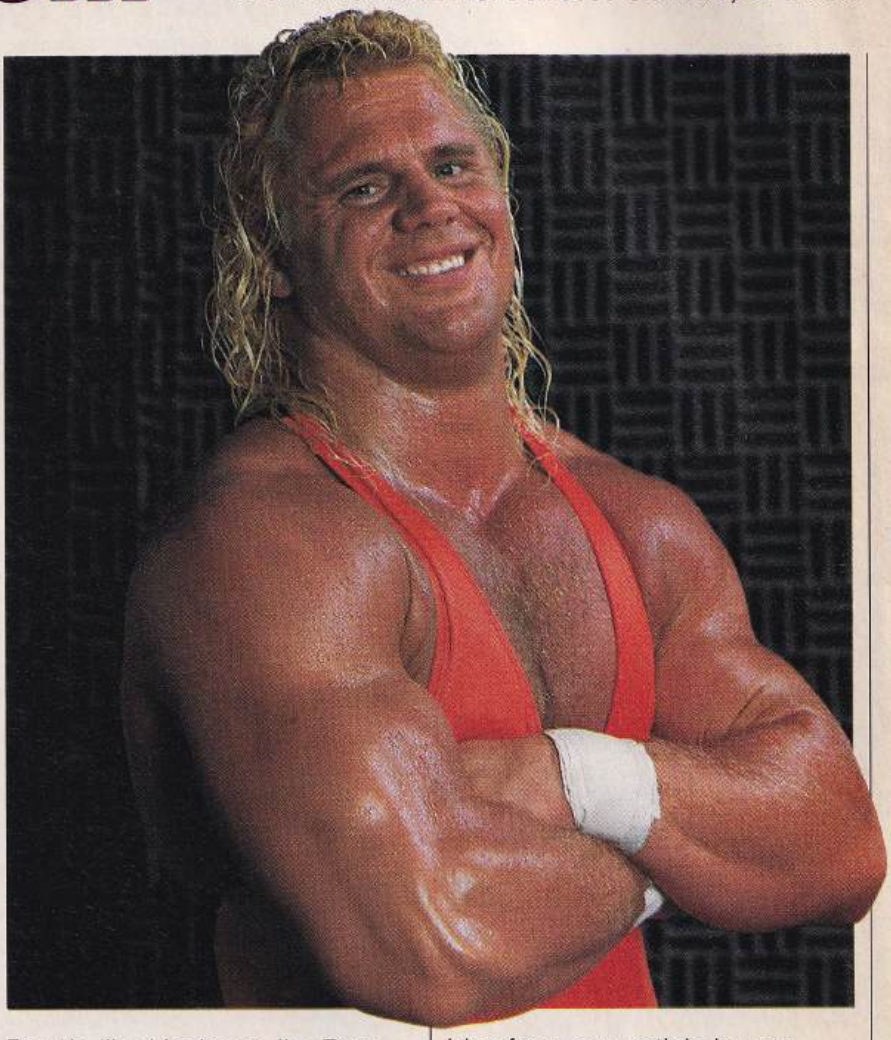
Now on to some letters on other topics.

"The true American in the WWF is Hulk Hogan because he tells all the Hulkamaniacs to train, say their prayers and eat their vitamins. He is also against drugs and tells everyone to say 'No to Drugs.' He tries to help newcomers like Tugboat." Matt Berry, Spokane, Washington.

"I think Mr. Perfect is the true American in the WWF. He is a perfect champion and a perfect American." T.J. Hinegardner, Triangle, Virginia.

"I'm writing in response to your question about who is the true American in the WWF. As far as Sgt. Slaughter is concerned, he's far from being a true American. He's more like the true traitor. As far as General Adnan is concerned, he's got a lot of nerve to show his face in the U.S.

"In my opinion, not one individual alone in the WWF can be classified as a true American.



People like Hacksaw Jim Duggan, Hulk Hogan, the Ultimate Warrior, Texas Tornado—when they work together, it's teamwork. When they work together as a team, then all of them are true Americans." Pam Guasscelk, Cedar Hill, Texas.

"I have been a fan of the WWF for a long time. I've read *WWF Magazine* since the first day I started watching the WWF. The article that interests me the most is the *WWF Interview*." Danny Cohen, Haleiwa, Hawaii.

"Some of my favorite articles in *WWF Magazine* are: *Brainstorms*, *Fan Forum*, *Newsbreakers*, *WWF Interview*, *Private Eye*, *WWF Trivia*, *Lowdown*, and I really enjoy doing your crosswords. I have an idea for a new article in your magazine. Pick a superstar and list his favorite food, car, actor, etc." Tom Blakesley, Cambridge, Minnesota.

"In your November issue you asked what we thought your best articles were. I thought your article on 'The Real Truth' about Bobby Heenan's making fun of the Big Boss Man's mother was an intense look at the ridicule by Heenan and how he paid for it." Robert Turrell, Fountain Valley, California.

"I like *Private Eye* most of all the articles in *WWF Magazine* because it gives an idea of what wrestlers do when they're not in the ring."Michael D'Amico, Saddle Brook, New Jersey. WF

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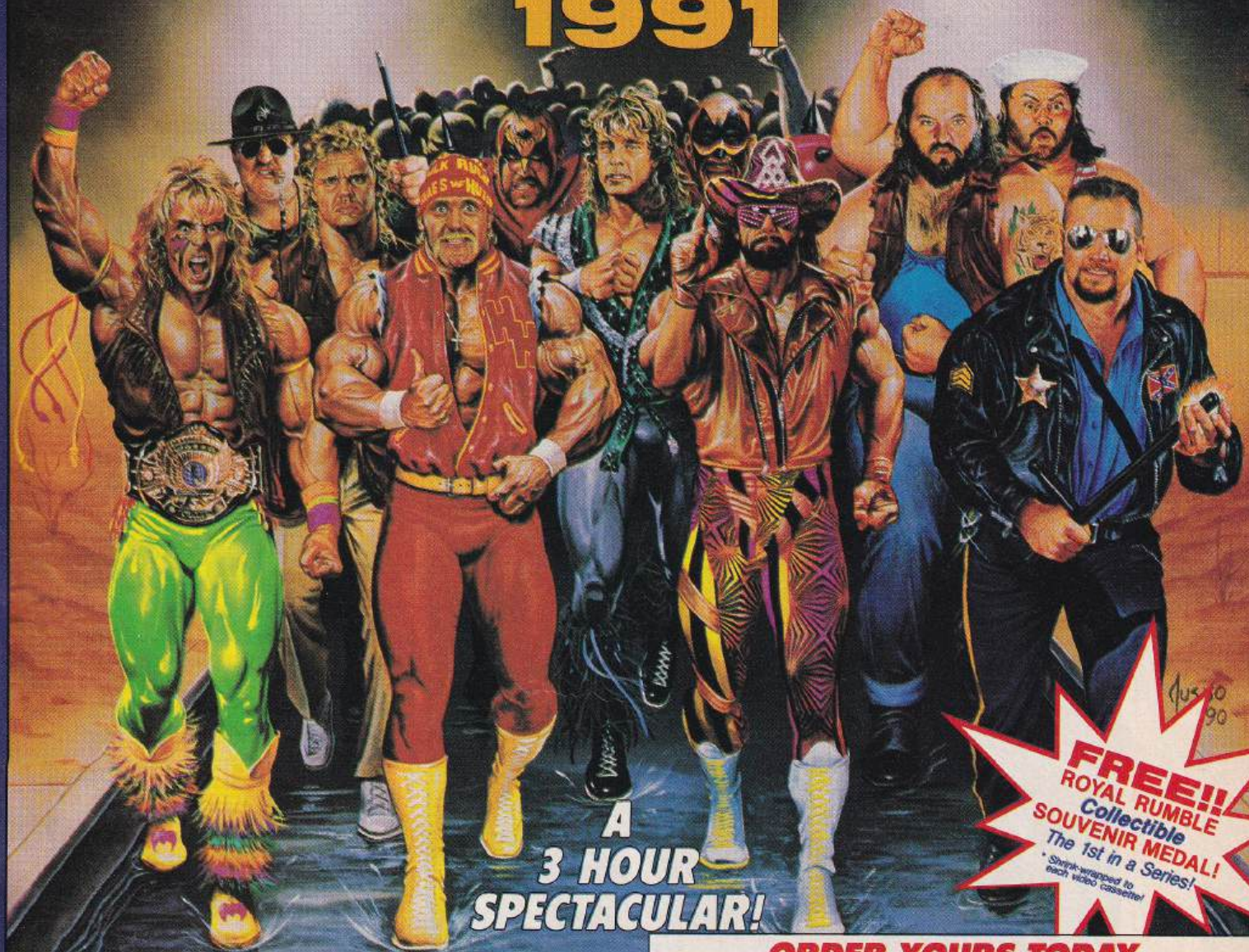

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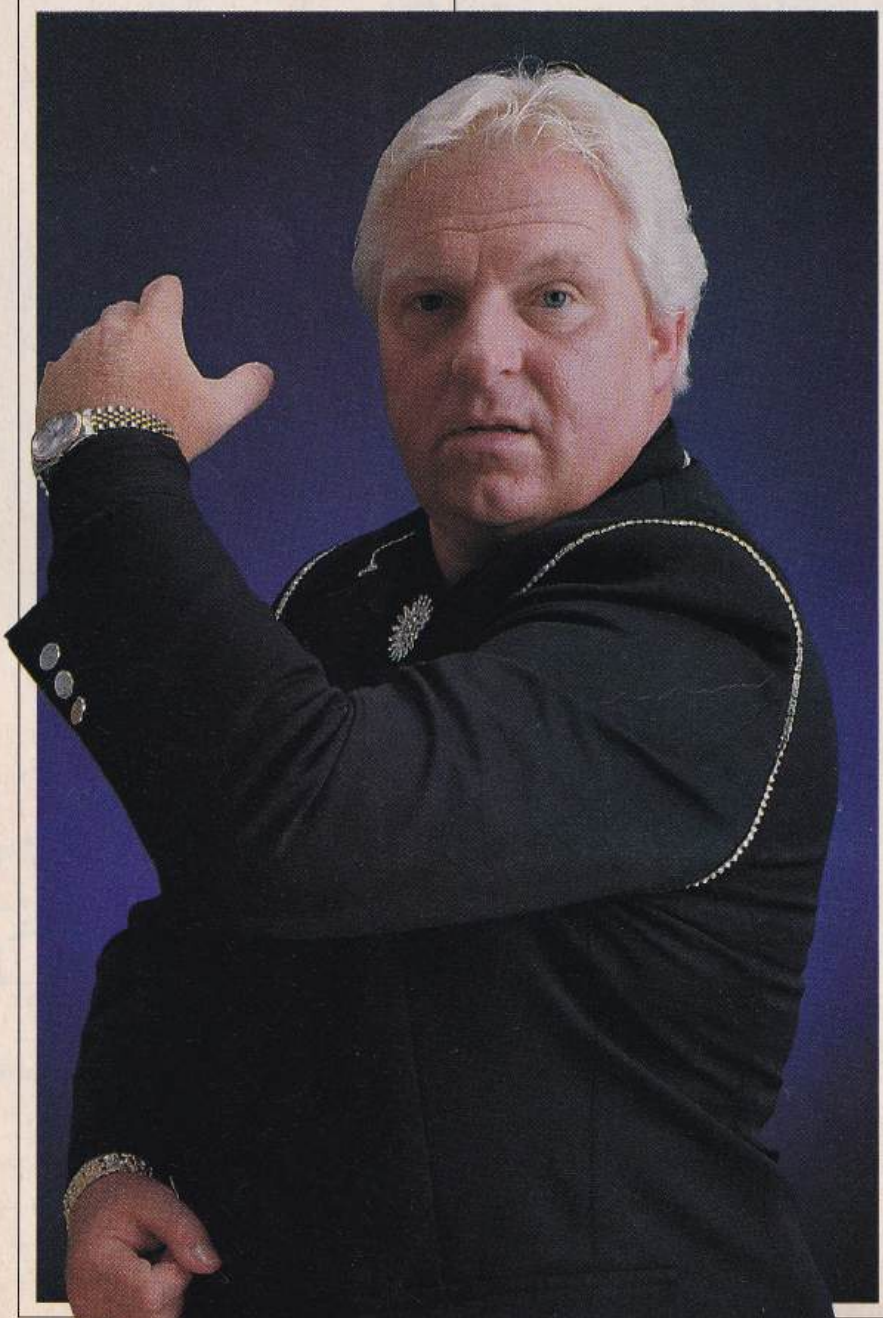
BRAINSTORMS

By Bobby "The Brain" Heenan

Just let me make one thing clear. I'm back again! I know you hate opening up to this page month after month, but I couldn't care less.

Hawk from the Legion of Doom should give up saying "Oh, what a rush" because when I look at him, the only thing that I have to say is "Oh, what a mush." And an oily one at that! Really, though, he makes me want to rush. Right to the bathroom to toss my cookies. That face of his is sickening.

Hacksaw Jim Duggan has gotten on my nerves again—not that it should surprise you. Yeah, for months now this dummy has been saying this and that about the Iraq situation. Well, I've got the perfect solution. Instead of talking, Duggan should be an offering to Saddam. He gives us 28 barrels of oil, and we'll give him the idiot. Duggan would drive him so crazy he'd crawl into a hole, and our problems would be over.



Recently, I saw some homely little girls in the crowd holding up a sign that read: We love the Hart Foundation. Of course you love the Hart Foundation. It's because you're four years old and have no brains! There's no reason to love the Hart Foundation. Oh, sure Bret Hart looks like a great guy when he gives a ringside brat a pair of his sunglasses. But nobody sees it at the end of the night when he's taking those glasses back, do they? He needs them to cover up his black eyes.

And Neidhart's no better. From what I hear, on his days off, the Anvil runs the valet parking at the Bates Motel.

There are a lot of great, muscular athletes in the World Wrestling Federation. Take Superfly Jimmy Snuka, for instance. He's in phenomenal shape. Too bad he signs his contracts in crayon. With an X.

When I hear the name Mike McGuirk, I also hear the sounds "bow-wow." Who does her hair? Snap-on tools?

You know what makes me sick besides looking at you humanoids night after night? The Texas Tornado. He's standing behind the spirit of Texas and all that. Well, let me tell you something. President Bush was down in Mexico recently. He asked the president of Mexico if he wanted Texas back. The president of Mexico said, "No way, we're not Indian givers. I wouldn't take Texas if you threw in the entire Louisiana Purchase. If all Texans were as dumb as the Tornado, our literacy rate would drop by 20 percent." WF

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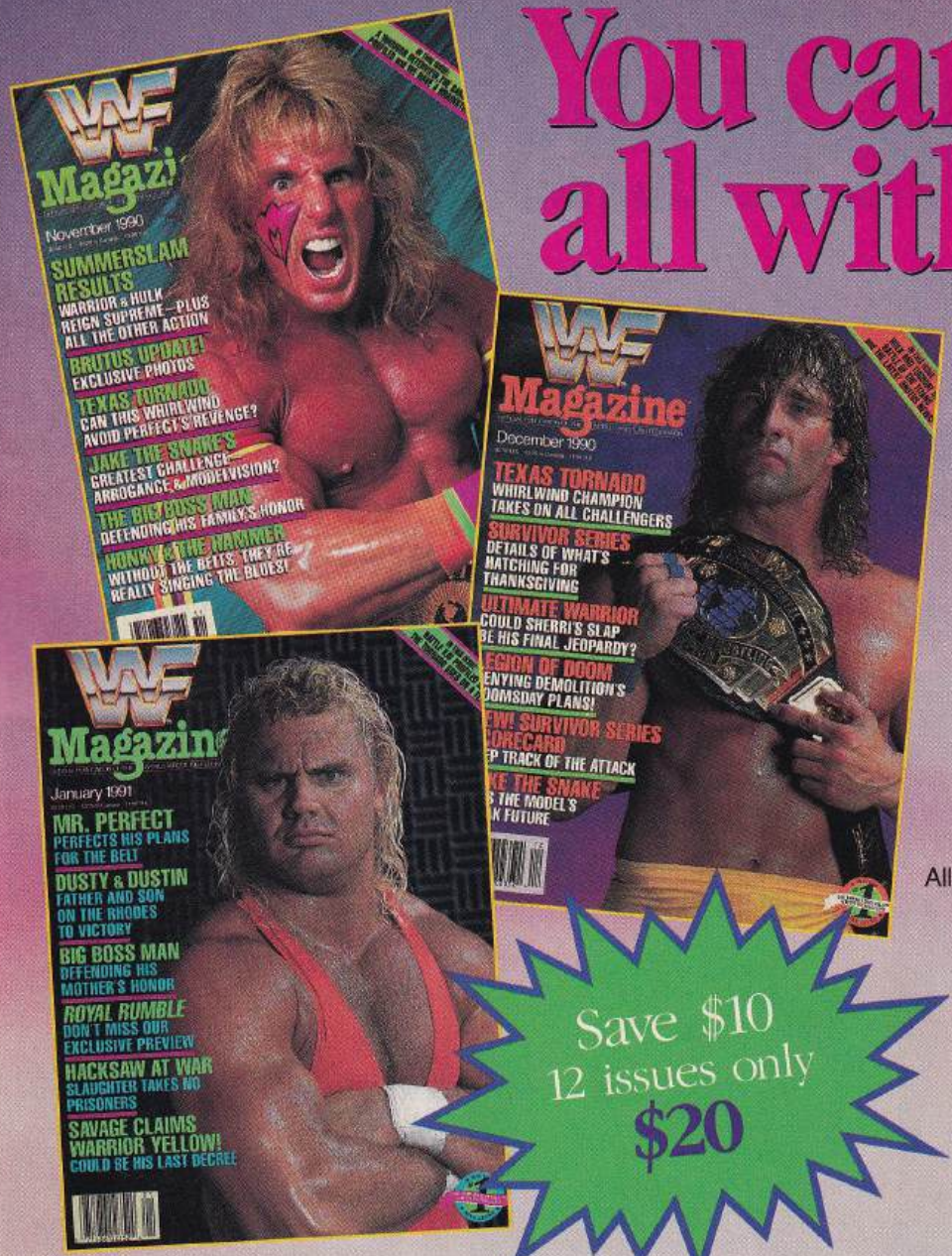

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NEWSBREAKERS

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SLAUGHTER TAKES THE WWF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR IRAQ

Editor's note: "Stop the presses." You've probably heard that journalistic phrase many times. It means that something very, very important has occurred and must be reported upon, even if a publication is already being printed. Well, it hardly ever happens. Once the presses are rolling with a publication, the cost of halting the process can run into many thousands of dollars, not just because of the printing process, but writers, designers and everyone else involved in the publication must put a new article together from scratch, in as little time as possible, and get it into the magazine while it is on press.

The presses were stopped for this issue of *WWF Magazine*. At the last moment, we were able to replace these two pages with a report on what may be the most shocking event ever to have occurred in the WWF.

The world knows it but still reels. There is horror among free nations and joy in Baghdad. With the illegal help of his manager, General Adnan, plus assistance from Queen Sherri and Macho King Randy Savage, Sgt. Slaughter has taken the WWF Championship from the Ultimate Warrior. Slaughter has defamed the land of his birth and sworn allegiance to Iraq and its brutal dictator, Saddam Hussein. Slaughter has proclaimed to all the world that might and force make right, that Saddam and his kind will triumph over freedom.

However, there is a ray of hope for all who believe in American values. Hulk Hogan has pledged to destroy Slaughter and return the title to the United States and the rest of the Free World. He pledges to do it March 24 in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum at *WrestleMania VII*.

"It's time to stand up for America," says the Hulkster. "The Warrior wanted to do it. I wanted to do it. We flipped a coin, and I won. I won the right to fight for the USA at *WrestleMania VII*. And I'll fight to my last breath to prove that Slaughter and Saddam Hussein are bullies with yellow bellies."

Slaughter, puffed with pride at his conquest, mocks the Hulkster's challenge.

"Hogan, you weak, lily-livered puke," he roars. "You're a cowardly maggot like everyone else in your doomed country. I'll crush you under the heels of my boots, the same boots I wore when I smashed the Ultimate Puke. The special boots that were a gift to me from the greatest man in the world, the great humanitarian Saddam Hussein."

That gift sealed Slaughter's allegiance to the dictator on whom the ex-drill instructor says he has patterned his life.

"I saw in Saddam Hussein a model," says Slaughter. "He is a man who knows what's right. He

STER!

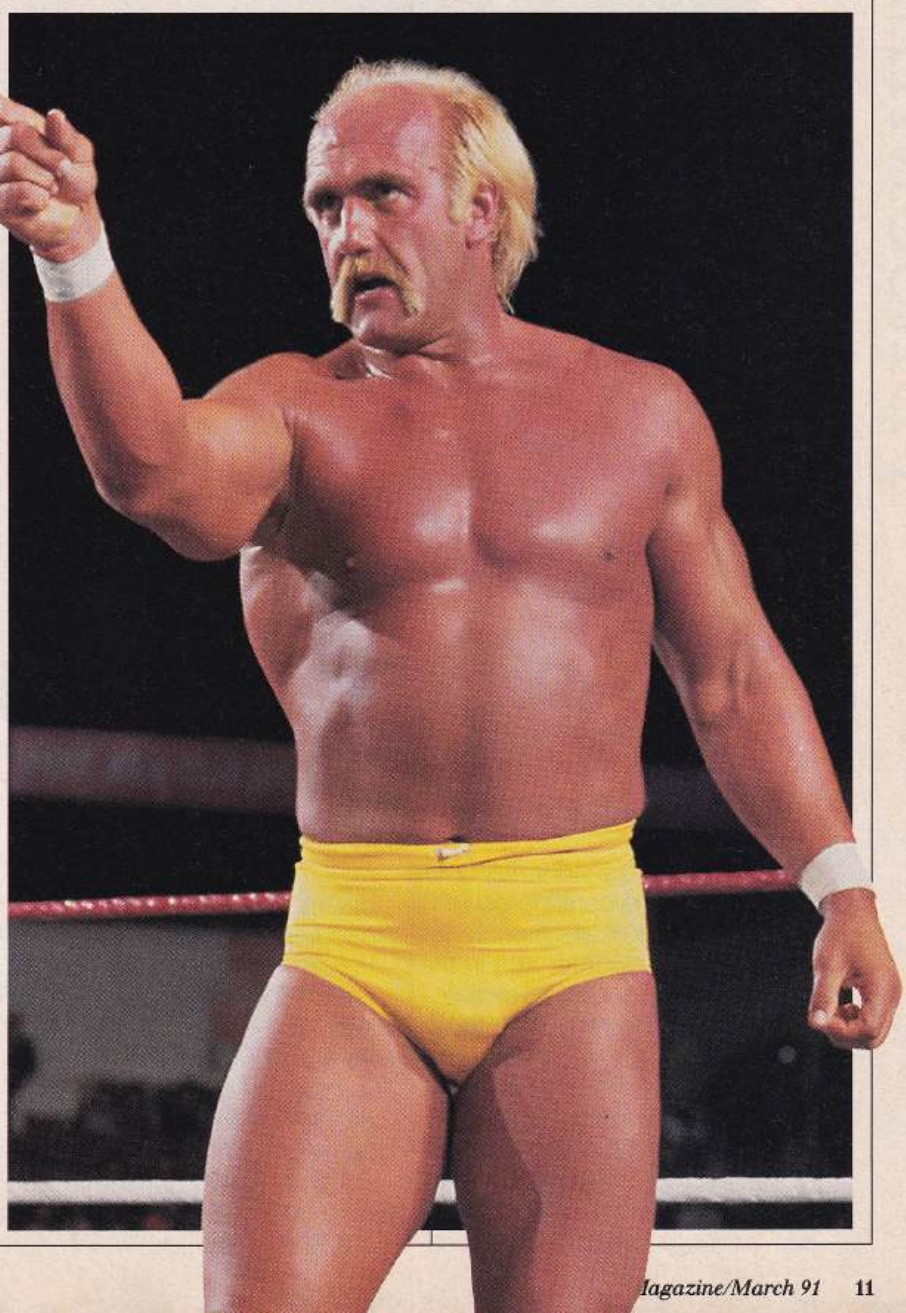
Q • THE HULKSTER IS OUT TO TAKE IT BACK FOR THE USA

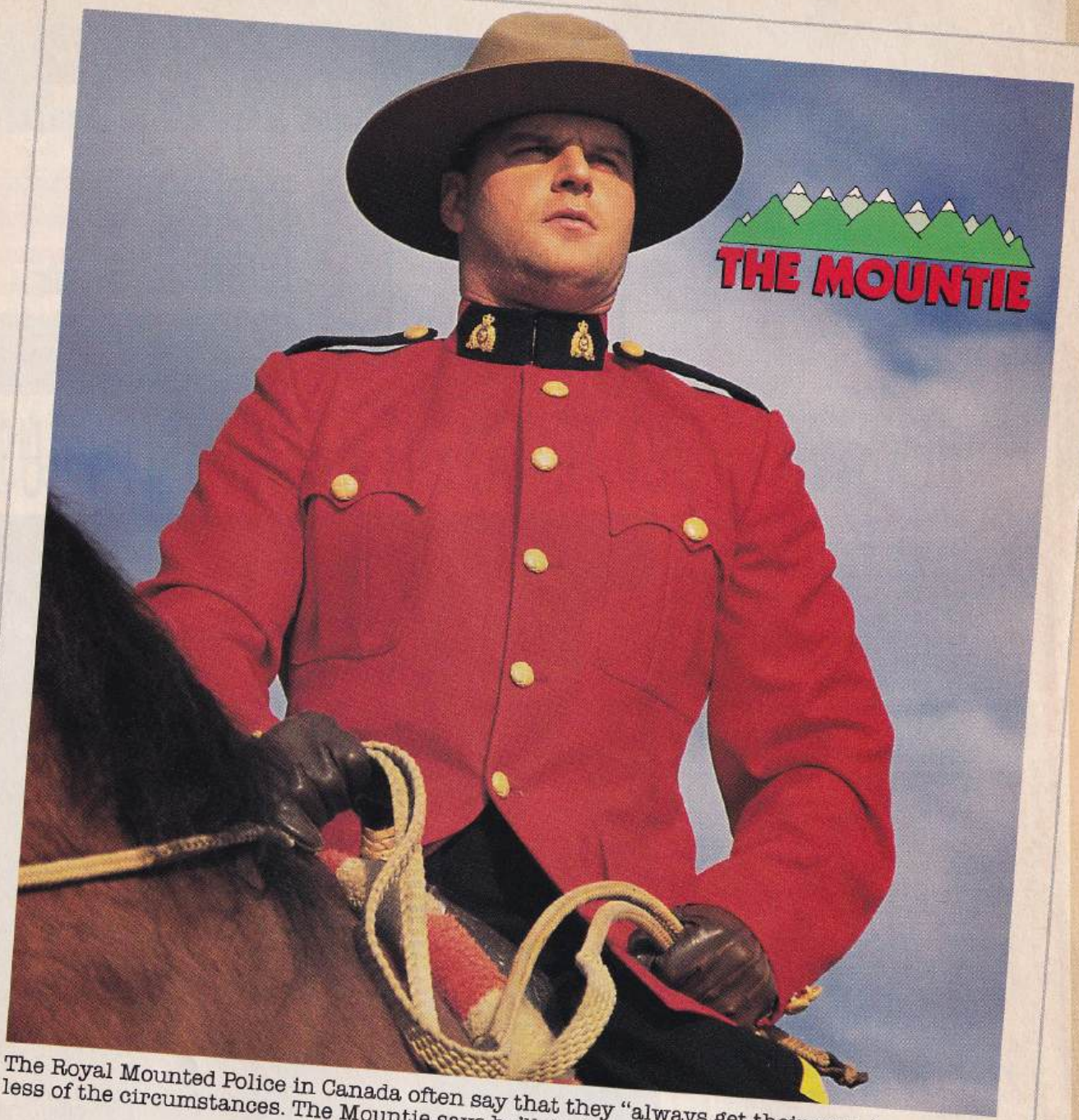
Since becoming WWF Champion, Sgt. Slaughter promises that he—along with his commanding officer, General Adnan—will take the belt back to Baghdad and partake in a celebration with Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. However, the immortal Hulk Hogan is now determined to reclaim the championship not only for himself, but for the United States.

knows what he wants and takes it, like he did in Kuwait. He is not afraid to use his power. I'm the same way. I wanted the championship title, and I used my strength to get it. I'm strong enough to keep it. Remember that, Hogan, you lowlife."

So elated is Baghdad, reports are, that Hussein is planning to give Slaughter a medal. Slaughter has something for him in return.

"Saddam has honored me with his gift of my boots," says Slaughter. "He plans to honor me even more. I will return the honor by bringing the championship belt to Baghdad. There will be a parade, and three great conquerors will march shoulder to shoulder—me in the middle, Saddam on my right and General Adnan on my left. The world will see us and tremble in fear. Just like they'll tremble when they see me obliterate Hulk Hogan, the man from the land of no backbone, at *WrestleMania VII.*" WF





The Royal Mounted Police in Canada often say that they "always get their man," regardless of the circumstances. The Mountie says he'll do the same in the WWF.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are considered to be some of the most determined law enforcers in the world. When people break the law, the Mounties say, then they are as good as caught. As the Mounties are fond of saying, "A Mountie always gets his man."

That saying is now the slogan of the Mountie Jacques Rougeau in the World Wrestling Federation, although his code of ethics differs substantially from that espoused by the Mounted Police. The WWF's Mountie seems to use his badge to bully people. He's far from helpful. Actually, he's openly prejudiced.

Take the day he was riding patrol in Montreal. Trotting his horse by a lake, the Mountie noticed a quiet gentleman sitting on a bench and throwing down bread for the birds, which flocked around him.

Arching his eyebrows and with a smug look on his face, the Mountie approached the gentleman. Then he accused him of littering. Next, the Mountie demanded that the alleged culprit, who really had done no harm at all, pick up every crumb that he had tossed on the ground. Obviously not wanting any conflict

with the Mountie, the gentleman answered respectfully, "Yes, sir."

Although this kind of cooperation would have probably satisfied other mounted officers, it did nothing for the Mountie. In fact, he was ripping mad over the "sir" comment, and he rudely explained to the gentleman that he's a "Mountie—not a sir!"

"It doesn't matter if you're an old man," the Mountie then said, as he watched the gentleman work on his hands and knees, "because the Mountie always gets his man."

After this incident, the Mountie got his man once again, so to speak, when he came across a lost tourist from the United States. Believing that the Mountie would be of some assistance, the tourist jumped down from his jeep waving a road map in front of him.

In need of directions, the tourist said, "Officer..."

That's as far as the tourist from the States got, because the second that the word "Officer" was uttered, the Mountie immediately got his back up.

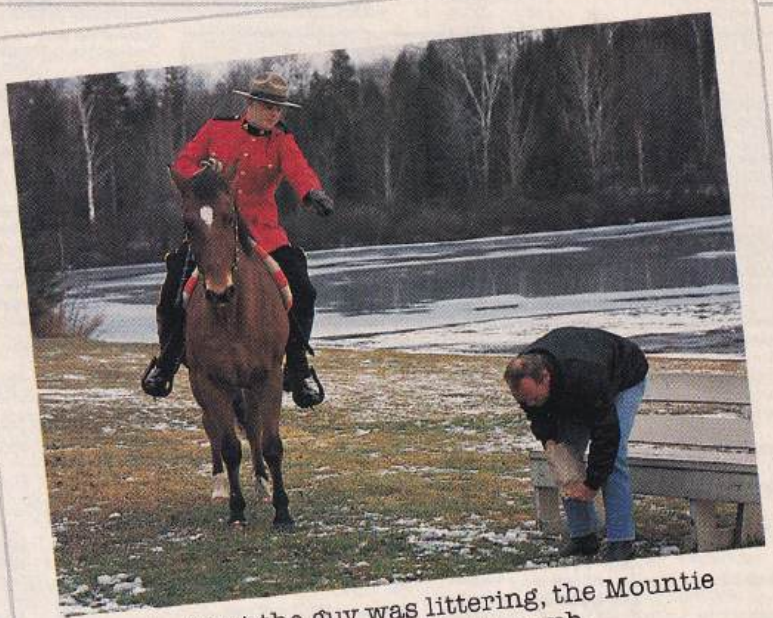
"Officer? I'm not an officer—I'm a Mountie!"

A Mountie, the tourist thought at the time, was probably the best person to help him with his dilemma. How wrong he was! When the tourist requested information on how to get to a bordering town, the Mountie replied, "I'm not a tour guide; I'm the Mountie! And as a Mountie, I know something that all Mounties know. Something that will help a lost American such as yourself."

Sneering cockily, the Mountie stepped off his horse and walked around to the animal's head. "You see," the Mountie said to the tourist, "this part of my horse points north to Canada."

Upon making this point, the Mountie grabbed the tourist by the shoulder and walked him to the rear of the animal. There, the Mountie lifted the horse's tail and said, "And this part of the horse points to the States!"

The Mountie scolded a gentleman when he noticed the man throwing pieces of bread to the birds.



Believing that the guy was littering, the Mountie forced him to pick up every last crumb.

When the tourist finally realized that the Mountie wasn't about to be of any help, he walked off. Seeing this, the Mountie snickered, "It doesn't matter if you're an American because the Mountie always gets his man."

That may be the case. However, there's one man in the WWF who's mentioned that he is already fed up with the Mountie's methods of law and order. He's the Big Boss Man—the WWF's finest lawman—and, so we're told, he will be keeping an eye out for the Mountie.

When made aware of this fact, however, the Mountie didn't seem worried at all.

"As I have shown," the Mountie says, "it doesn't matter whether you're an old man, a lost man or even a Big Boss Man. Just always remember this: The Mountie always gets his man!" WF

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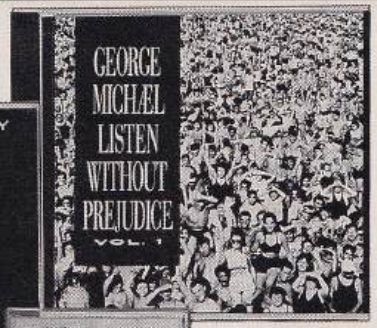

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WWF

INTERVIEW

A Talk With:

The Model Rick Martel

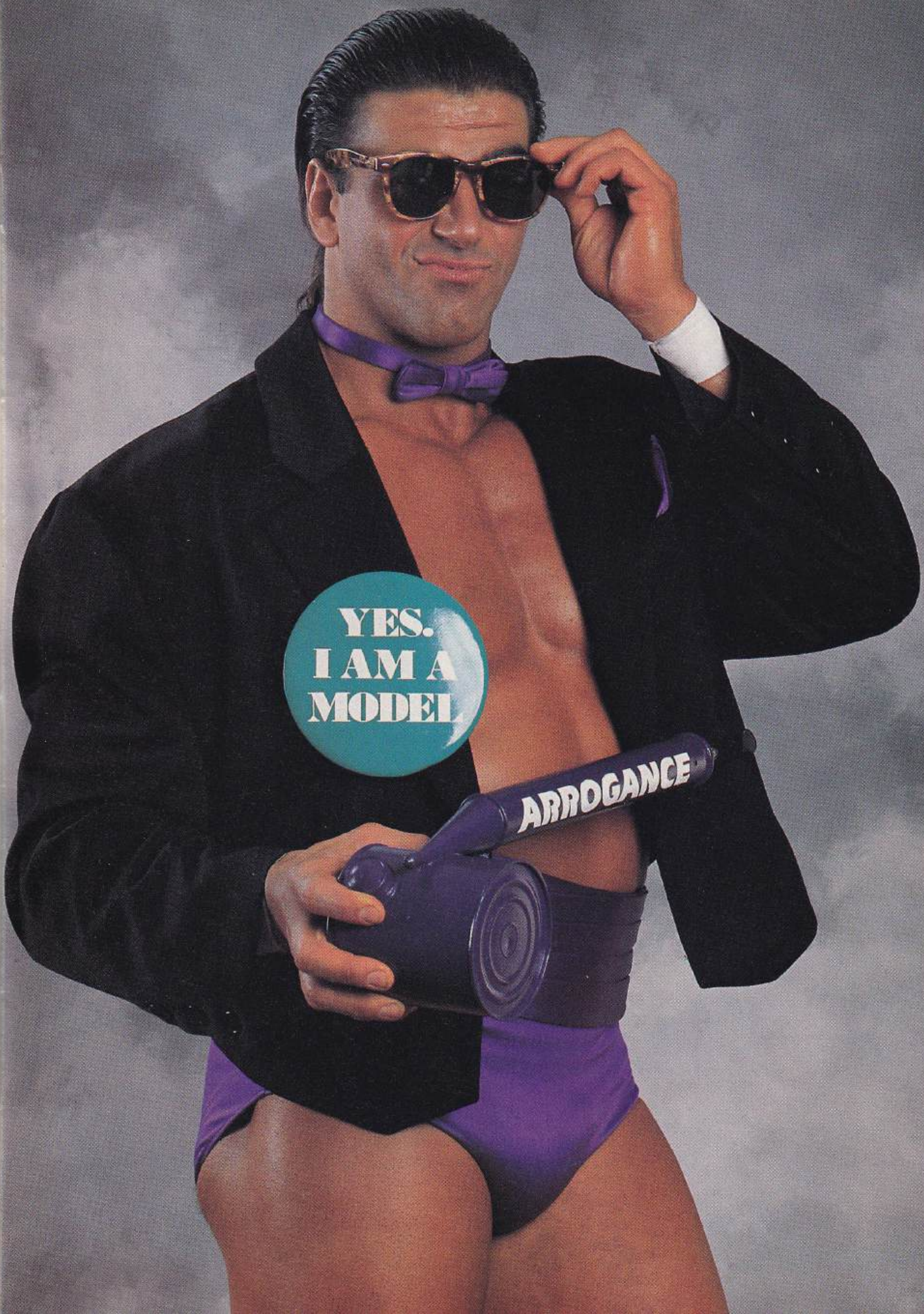
The Model Rick Martel will understand what it's like to wrestle without the sense of sight when he and Jake "The Snake" Roberts square off in a Blind Man's Bluff Match next month at *WrestleMania VII*. In this contest, both Martel and the Snake will have hoods placed over their heads, thus hindering their ability to see. Therefore, the Model and the Snake will have no choice but to wrestle on instinct alone.

For Jake, competing in the ring with a vision impairment is something he has had to deal with ever since the Model sprayed Arrogance into Roberts' eyes on *The Brother Love Show*. As a result of this attack, Jake suffered temporary blindness and was treated by an ophthalmologist for several weeks. Now, Martel will get a taste of his own medicine in the Blind Man's Bluff Match, because he will discover firsthand just how difficult it is to wrestle without the use of vision. To assess Martel's feelings about the Blind Man's Bluff Match at *WrestleMania VII* and a whole lot more, *WWF Magazine* tracked him down and pressed him with a series of hard-hitting questions.

The Model: Wait a minute. Before you even ask me any questions, I've got something to say. Just by looking at the bunch of you, the Model realizes that the staff at *WWF Magazine* doesn't put enough time and care into its wardrobe. Look at you guys. You're not fashionable at all. And this photographer here looks as if he's been wearing the same pair of blue jeans for the last eight or nine years.

WWF: We're not here to discuss the latest fashion trends.

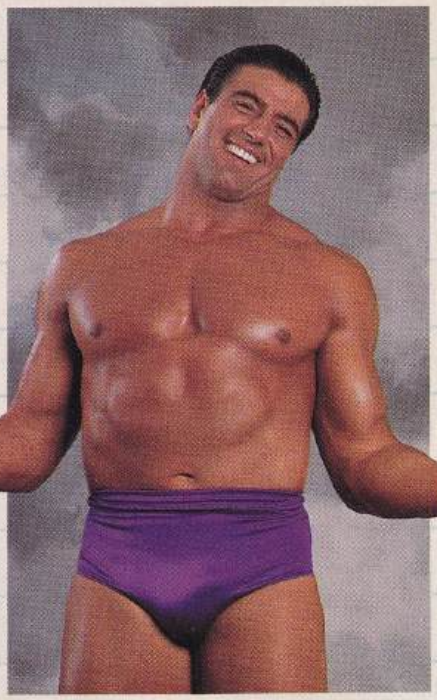
The Model: Well, when you're talking to the Model, you have to talk about fashion, because I am high fashion in the World Wrestling Federation. Just look at me and judge for yourselves. Everybody can see that I wear the finest clothing in the latest styles. Everybody except Jake "The Snake" Roberts. Yes, he can't see too much of anything, can he?


YES.
I AM A
MODEL
ARROGANCE

WWF

INTERVIEW

The Model Rick Martel



WWF: Contrary to your statement, Model, Jake the Snake has rebounded nicely from the eye injuries that you inflicted upon him. Fortunately for Jake, he's now close to a complete recovery, and he's coming at you faster than you think.

The Model: You see, that's what Jake the Snake tells you guys and everybody in the WWF. I know for sure that his eyes aren't back to 100 percent. And even if they were, I'd just have to introduce him to Arrogance once again; give him a little blast from the past, so to speak. As far as Jake's coming at me as you say, well, he's just digging himself deeper into his hole. Everybody can see that I'm a first-class wrestler just the way I'm a first-class dresser. And this all-around first-class guy will make Jake the Snake suffer. Yes, he's going to wish that he never stepped in the ring with me, the Model.

WWF: It could turn out to be the other way around when you and Jake Roberts meet one another in a Blind Man's Bluff Match at *WrestleMania VII*. For once, you will know how disabling it is to wrestle without the use of your eyes. With that in mind, we would like to know if you have any comments regarding this match?

The Model: Yes, the Blind Man's Bluff Match at *WrestleMania VII*. But you see, the only person who will be blind is Jake. And the Model will be the one calling his bluff. And being that it's *WrestleMania VII*, I've got my own special plans for the Blind Man's match. And none of them look good for Jake. In fact, the way I see it, Jake won't be looking too good at all after I finish with him.

WWF: We think you might be missing a pertinent point. Jake the Snake, as you well know, has wrestled with vision impairment before, and although his timing was somewhat off, he managed to chalk up a slew of victories. In other words, Model, Jake has been in the dark before and has fared well. Do you think that this would put you at a disadvantage in the Blind Man's Bluff Match?

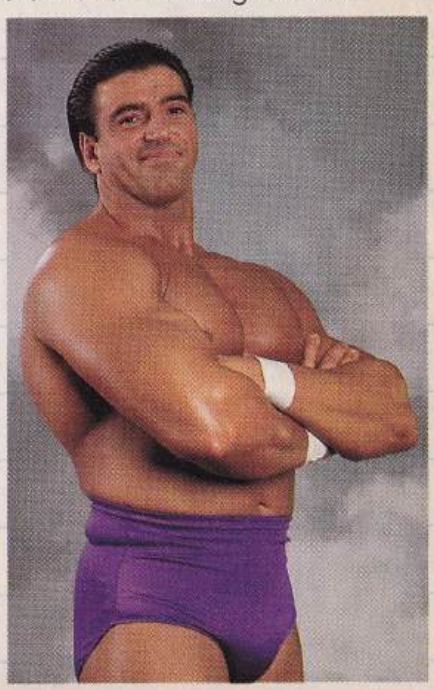
The Model: Disadvantage? Me, the Model? Not at all.

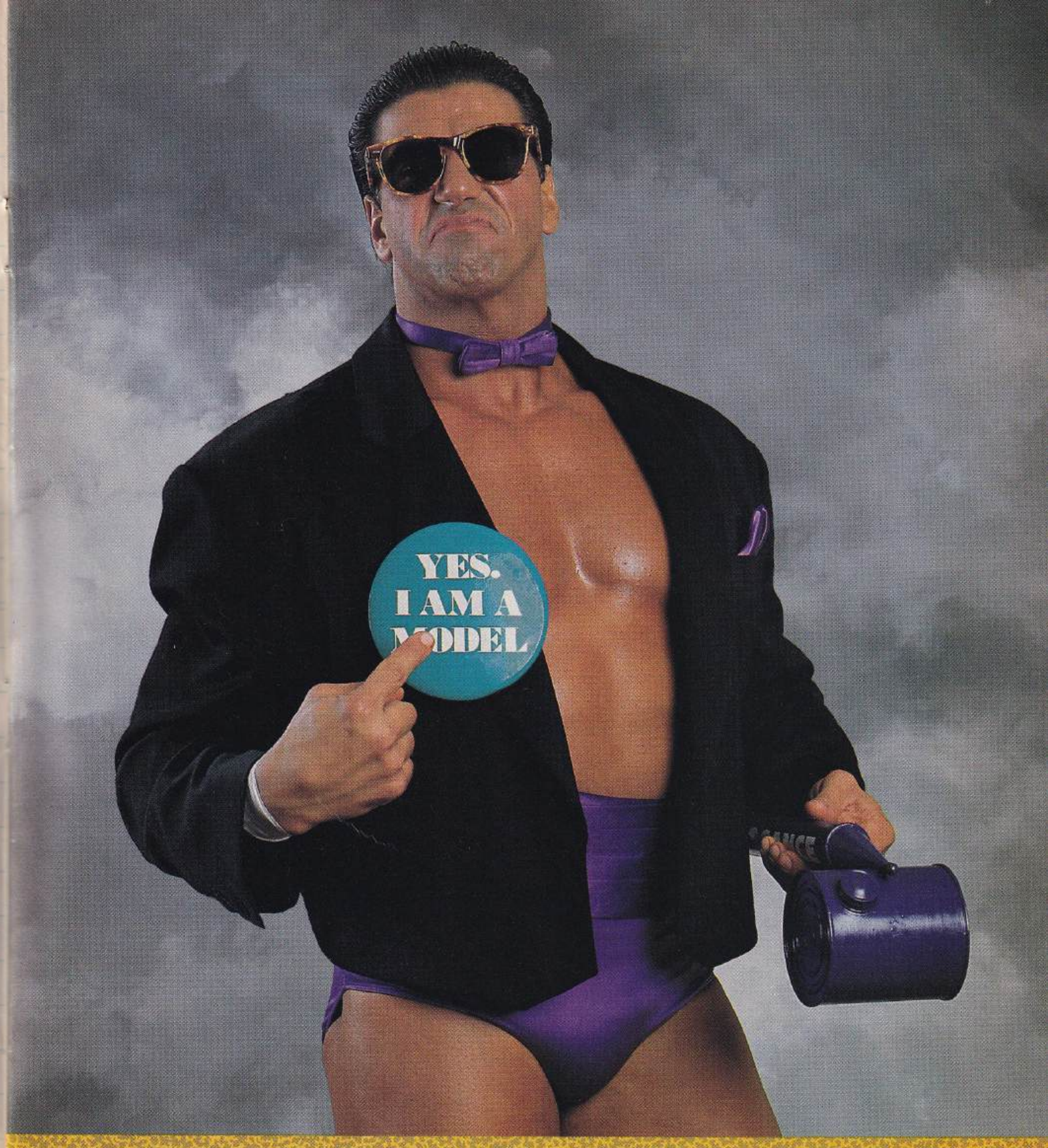
WWF: Why is that?

The Model: Because the Model is the only man who puts people at a disadvantage, and, Jake, you will be one of those unlucky people when we wrestle at *WrestleMania VII*. Sure, you've wrestled before with damaged eyesight. But just remember, the Model, with a little help from my Arrogance, was the man who damaged it. And if I get a chance at *WrestleMania*, Snake, I'm going to do it again!

WWF: Oh, you will? Well, let's just say before you do that, Jake the Snake catches you in the DDT and shuts off your lights. Then—just bear with us now—imagine the coils of Damian, Jake's huge python, slithering over your body. This brings us to our next question. How will you avoid the DDT, especially when you won't be able to see it coming?

The Model: That's easy. The Model will avoid it by not being caught in it, and that's the end of the story. As far as Damian goes, the Model will first give him a





spray of Arrogance to make sure he doesn't smell when I have him skinned and made into a couple of pairs of boots, a jacket and a belt. Come to think of it, once I beat Jake the Snake at *WrestleMania* and have Damian, I will put on a fashion show. Yes, I'll show the 100,000 fans at the Los Angeles Coliseum and the millions of others watching around the world that python is definitely going to be the look of the '90s.

WWF: As this interview draws to a close, can you give us any final words about Jake "The Snake" Roberts and your match with him at *WrestleMania VII*?

The Model: Yes, the Model has a few words for the Snake. Here's looking at you, Jake. Ha, ha, ha. I'll see you at *WrestleMania*. But will you see me?

WWF: Let's hope so. WF

BIG BOSS MAN GETS EVEN WITH BOBBY HEENAN

Sweat rolled down Bobby "The Brain" Heenan's face as he paced back and forth in his dressing room. "What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?" he asked himself under his breath. With that, the Brain stopped and looked at a clock on the wall. After checking the time, Bobby Heenan, shaking his head, continued to pace with his hands behind his back.

Then, without warning, a WWF official flung open the dressing room door. Startled by the sudden entrance, Heenan almost dropped to the floor.

"Hey, chief, what are you trying to do? Give me a heart attack?" Heenan asked, holding his chest.

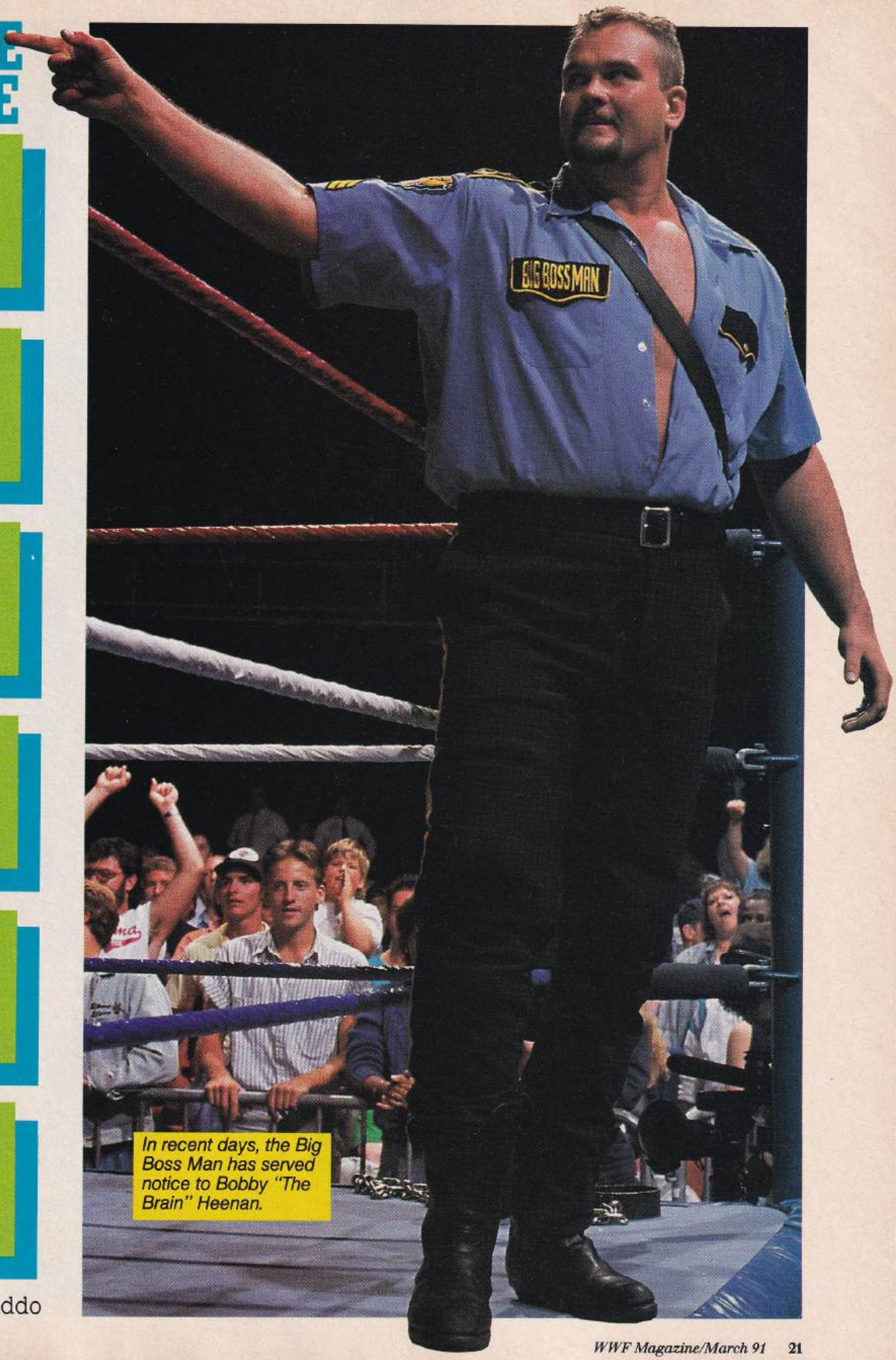
"No, Bobby," responded the stout, rather robust official. "I'm here to let you know that it's time for your match against the Big Boss Man..."

Not wanting to hear the bad news, Heenan quickly interrupted. "No, no," he cried, "you can't do this to me. Please, I can't wrestle the Big Boss Man! I told him that I was sorry. I told his lovely mother that I was sorry. What more can I say?"

Getting down on his knees, Heenan continued with his pleading until the official ordered him to his feet.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS

By Lou Gianfriddo



In recent days, the Big Boss Man has served notice to Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS

"I can't wrestle the Boss Man," Heenan spouted, his voice cracking. "What do you want?" asked Heenan of the official. "You want my Rolls Royce? It's yours. My Beverly Hills estate? Keep it. I'll give you anything you want, but please, please don't make me wrestle the Boss Man."

Although these valuable items tempted the official, he nevertheless stuck by his guns. "Sorry, Bobby," the official responded, "it's [WWF President Jack] Tunney's orders. What he says is gold in my book. Now get up. You're wasting time."

By the arm, the official helped Heenan to his feet and led him through the doors. Finally, after walking down the long corridor, the official edged Heenan close to the curtain and demanded that he walk through it. Hoping to gain a possible stay of execution, the Brain made one last request.

"I'm sorry for what I said about the Big Boss Man's mother," the Brain told the official. "There. I said it, and I'm sincere. Now don't make me do this."

Sternly, the official responded, "Get out there."

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, Heenan reluctantly obeyed the official and made his long journey to the ring. As soon as the fans saw him, they got on Heenan's case, calling him a weasel and other derogatory names. However, it was evident that the Brain's mind was elsewhere, and once he stepped between the ropes, he let the fans know it.

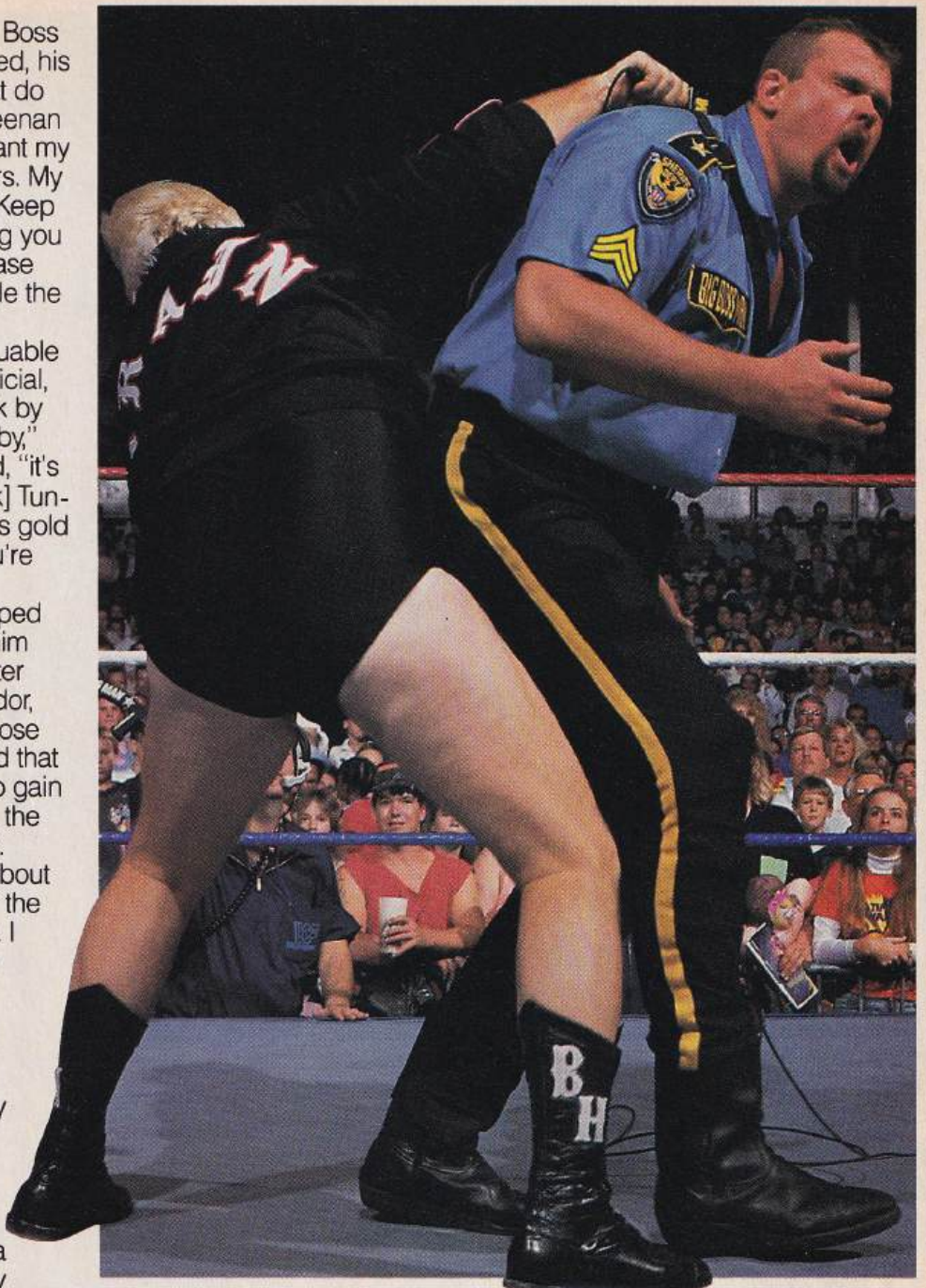
Speaking through the microphone, Heenan said, "I made a mistake. I made some stupid remarks about the Boss Man's mom. I'm sorry. Now if you people don't believe me, then I'll prove it. Tomorrow, I'm going to send his lovely, warm-hearted mother five dozen long-stemmed red roses."

Meanwhile, the Boss Man sat in his dressing room and observed Heenan's apology via a television monitor. Placing his hand over his goatee, the Boss Man said aloud, "Yeah, say what you want, Weasel. But too bad; time's out for you, punk."

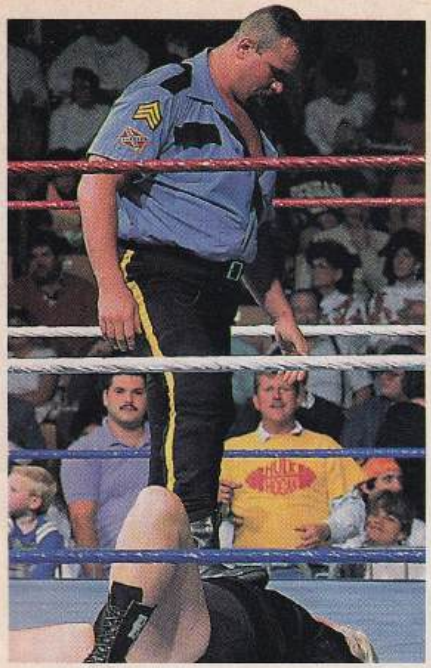
Fuming, the Boss Man then turned and kicked open the door. With his ball and chain in hand, the former prison guard dashed down the runway to the ring. When he stepped onto the ring apron, Heenan began begging for his life.

"I'm sorry," he said into the microphone. Seeing that the Boss Man wasn't moved, the Brain got down on one knee and begged. "Please forgive me," he went on, just as the Boss Man stepped through the ropes.

There was no forgiveness. Only punishment. Seething, the Boss Man grabbed Heenan and lifted him to his feet. The referee, perhaps fearing that the Boss Man would severely injure Heenan, interceded and told the Georgia



The Brain used the microphone to sting the Boss Man. However, Boss Man rapidly recovered and came back to brutalize the manager. Soon after, the Barbarian rushed to the ring and hammered the lawman.



powerhouse to back off. Listening to the referee, the Boss Man turned and began walking to the neutral corner.

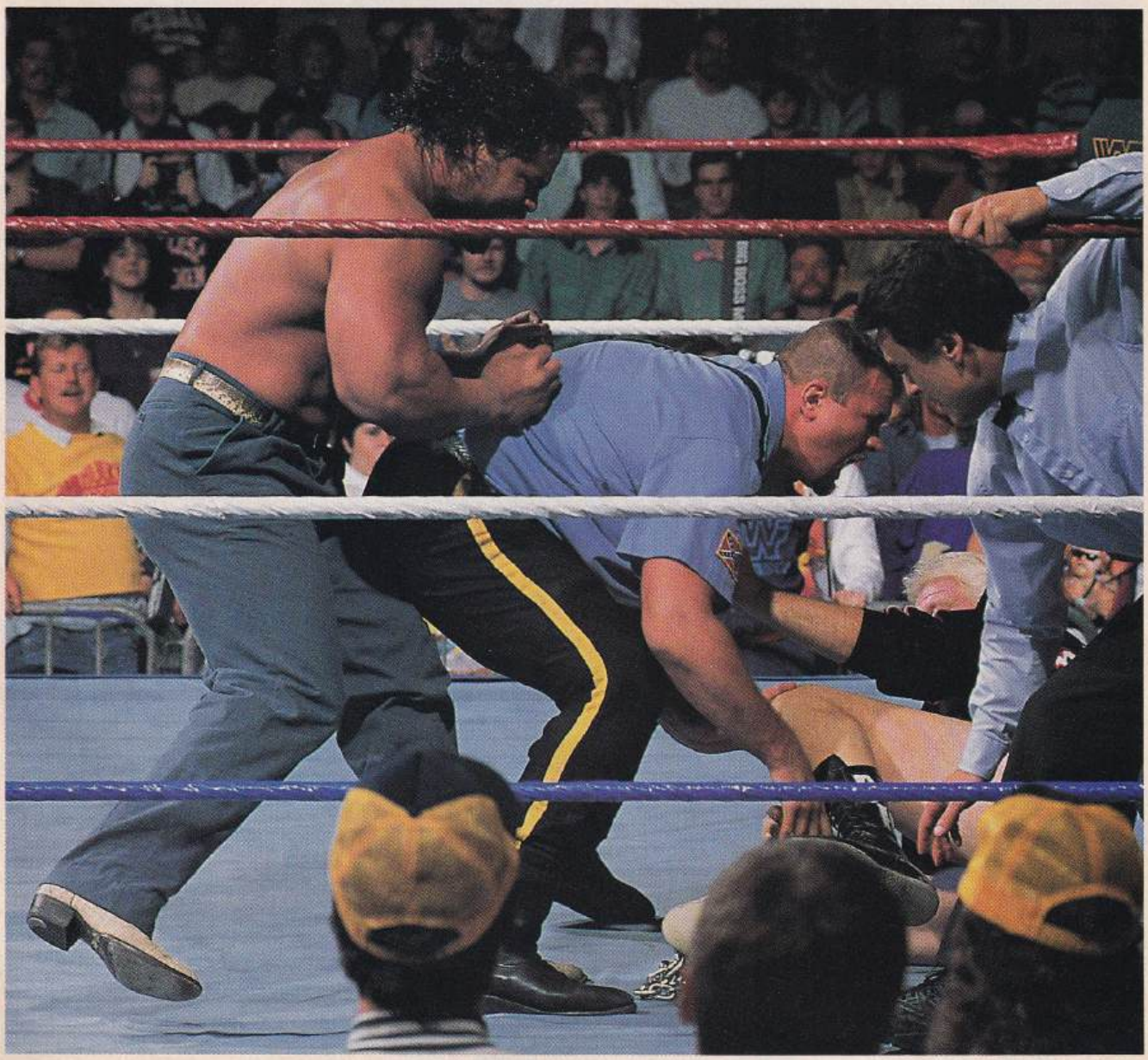
Just then, however, Heenan—taking advantage of the distraction—popped the Boss Man over the head with the microphone several times. These blows didn't do the job. In fact, the Boss Man responded as if he didn't even feel the foreign object.

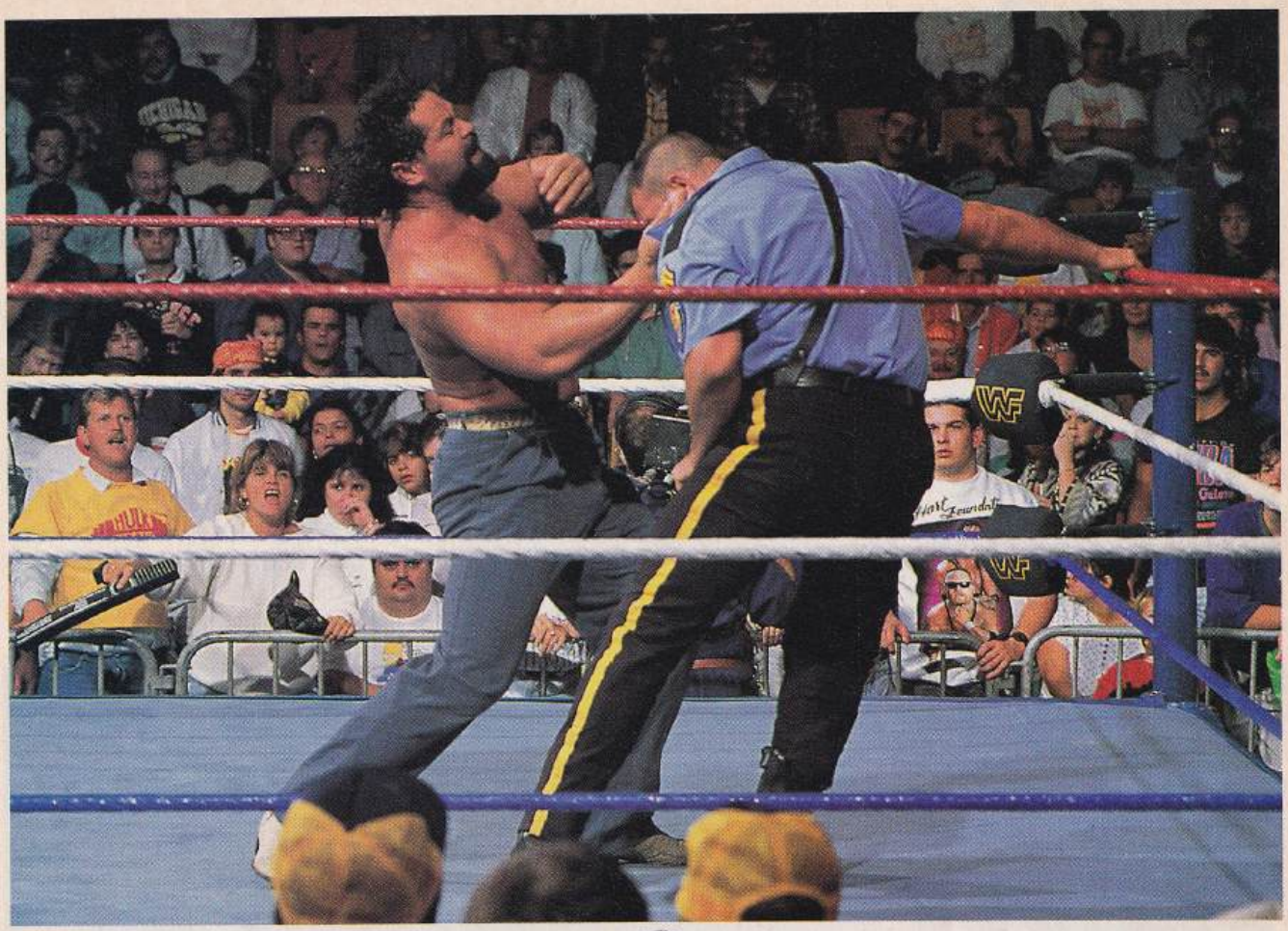
His face radiating anger, the Boss Man turned around and opened up on Heenan with a barrage of punches to his midsection and head. The Boss Man's brawling tactics quickly took their toll. The Brain's legs became rubbery, and he had trouble breathing. Noticing this, the Boss Man shot Heenan off the ropes and leveled him with a crushing clothesline, spinning him head over heels.

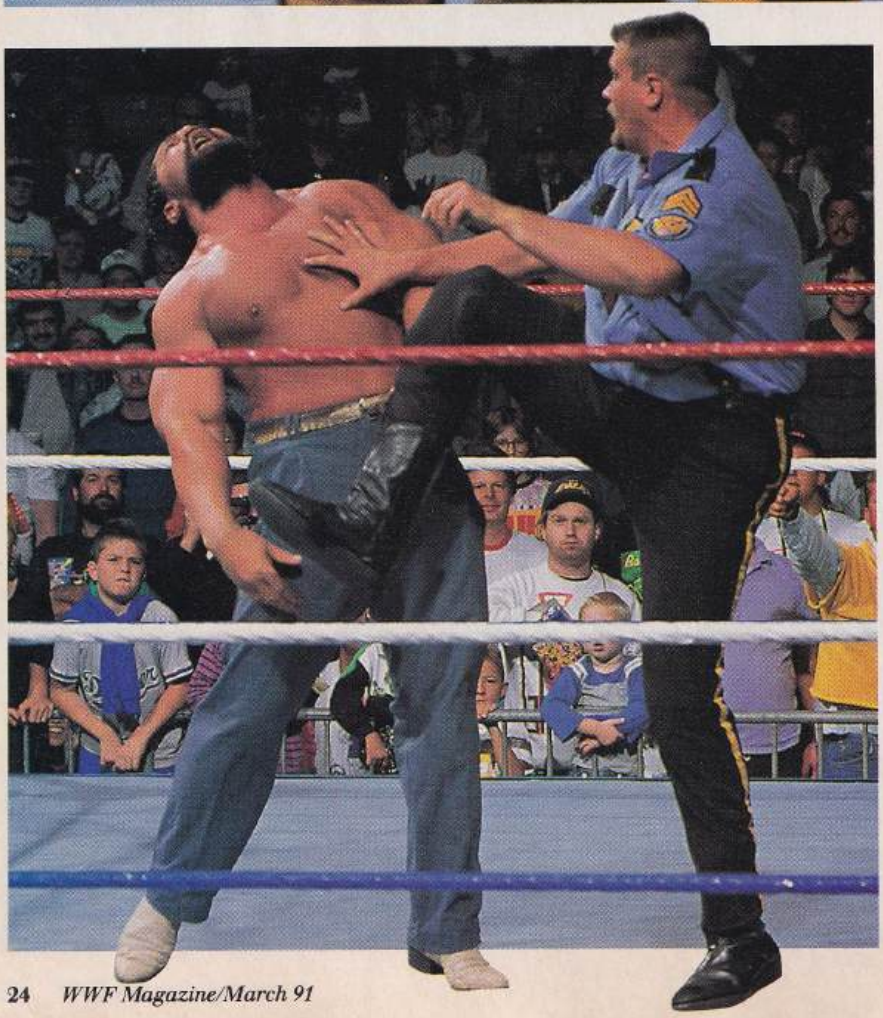
That was that, and Boss Man knew it. With Heenan flat out, the Boss Man placed his foot over his chest and scored the easy pinfall. Then, the Boss Man prepared himself to sentence Heenan. The Boss Man sprang to the outside and grabbed his ball and chain—his tools of justice.

Not wasting a minute, the Boss Man quickly got back in the ring and clamped the shackle around Heenan's ankle. Knowing his predicament, the Brain pleaded with the Boss Man, who stood over him holding the ball.

"This is for my mama," the







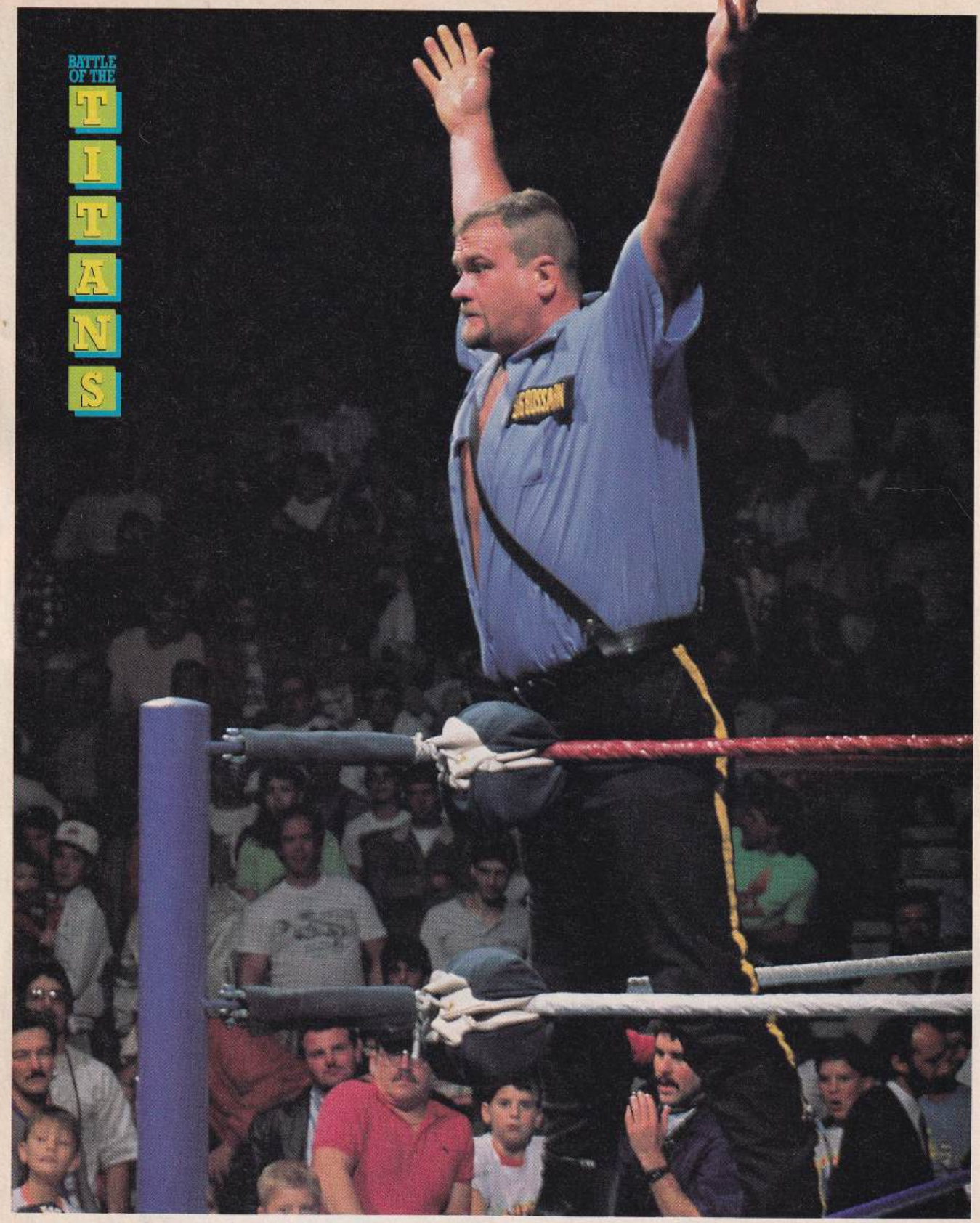
The Barbarian battered the Boss Man, but the attack was short-lived because the Boss Man pummeled his foe. From there, the law stood tall!

Boss Man snarled, as he dropped the 50-pound steel sphere onto Heenan's belly. Upon impact, Heenan moaned in pain. But the Boss Man wasn't through. He had sentenced Bobby Heenan to hard time. So, the Big Boss Man again lifted the ball.

Suddenly, however, the Barbarian—who's one of Heenan's boys—rushed to the ring to save his manager's hide. From behind, the Barbarian battered the Boss Man with big forearms, kicks and chops. This sudden attack staggered the Boss Man, and the Barbarian tried to take advantage of it. Grabbing the Boss Man by the arm, the Barbarian prepared to throw him to the ropes for a clothesline.

However, the Boss Man was one step ahead of him and reversed the maneuver. The Barbarian came off and was floored by a

BATTLE OF THE TITANS



Boss Man elbow to the solar plexis region. A clothesline later and the Barbarian had enough; he and his manager fled toward the locker room.

When they reached the press booth, Heenan offered comments to *WWF Magazine*. "I told you that I didn't want to wrestle," Heenan remarked. "I told you that I didn't want anything to do with you, Boss Man. Now do you see what happened? You got the Barbarian mad. Are you satisfied?"

Moments later, the Boss Man came to the press booth. When told of Heenan's words, the Boss Man didn't have much to say. "Heenan fought the law," the Boss Man said in a tone of finality, "and the law won." WF

ROCK

VS

DEMOL

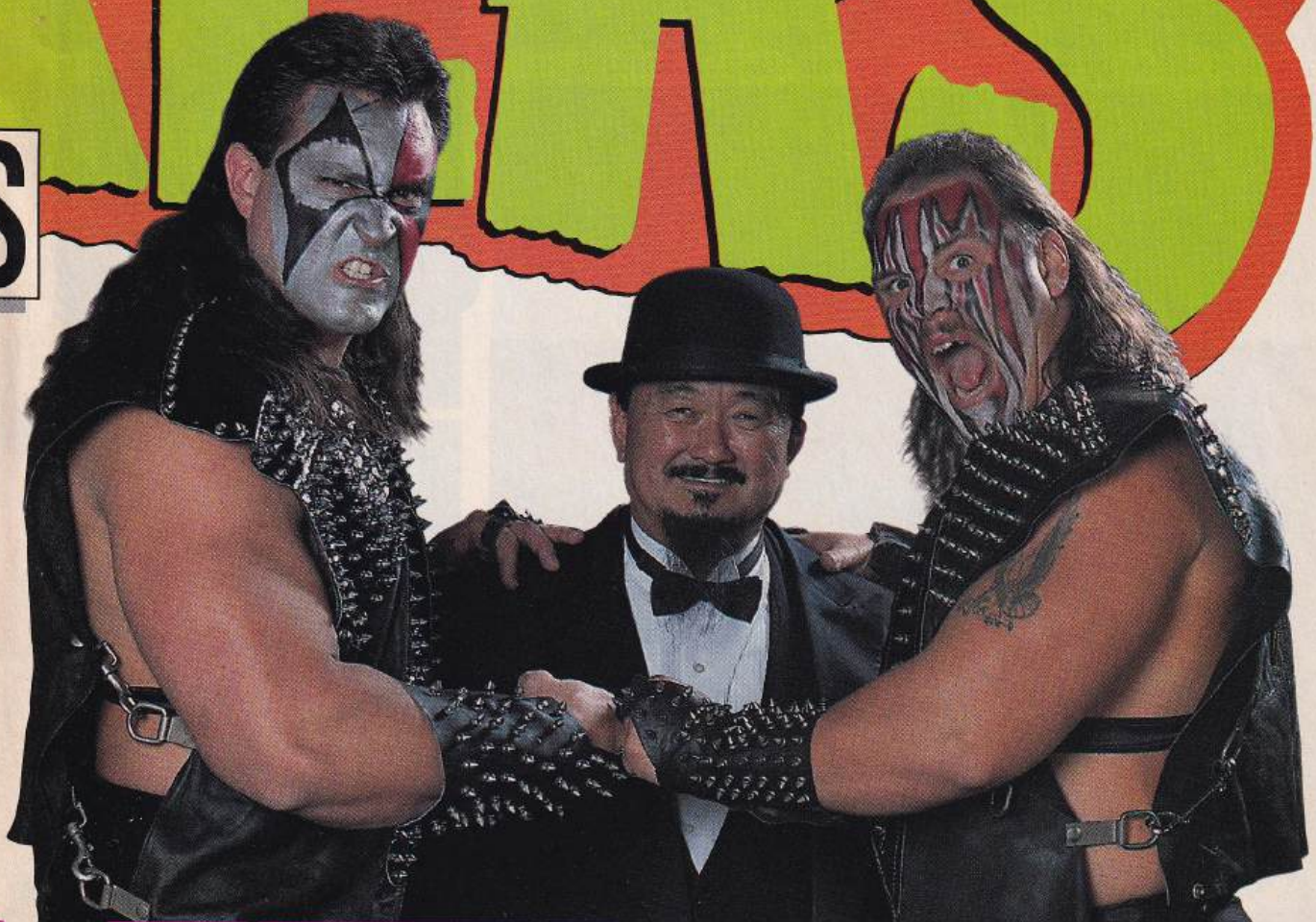
THE FIGHT THAT MEANS EVERYTHING

Forming a tag team and making a go of it in the World Wrestling Federation today is like jumping into the middle of a free-for-all with no allies. Everywhere there are powerful opponents aiming their artillery at you—and each other. Even after you score a successful hit, the blows are whizzing at you. Most of the time you're a walking target. When you're not, it's likely that you'll get eliminated in the

The Rockers are gunning for Mr. Fuji's Demolition—Crush and Smash.

KERS

VS



LUTION

BY KEITH ELLIOT GREENBERG

THE FIGHT

crossfire. Only the toughest, the luckiest and the wildest make it through the first few battles.

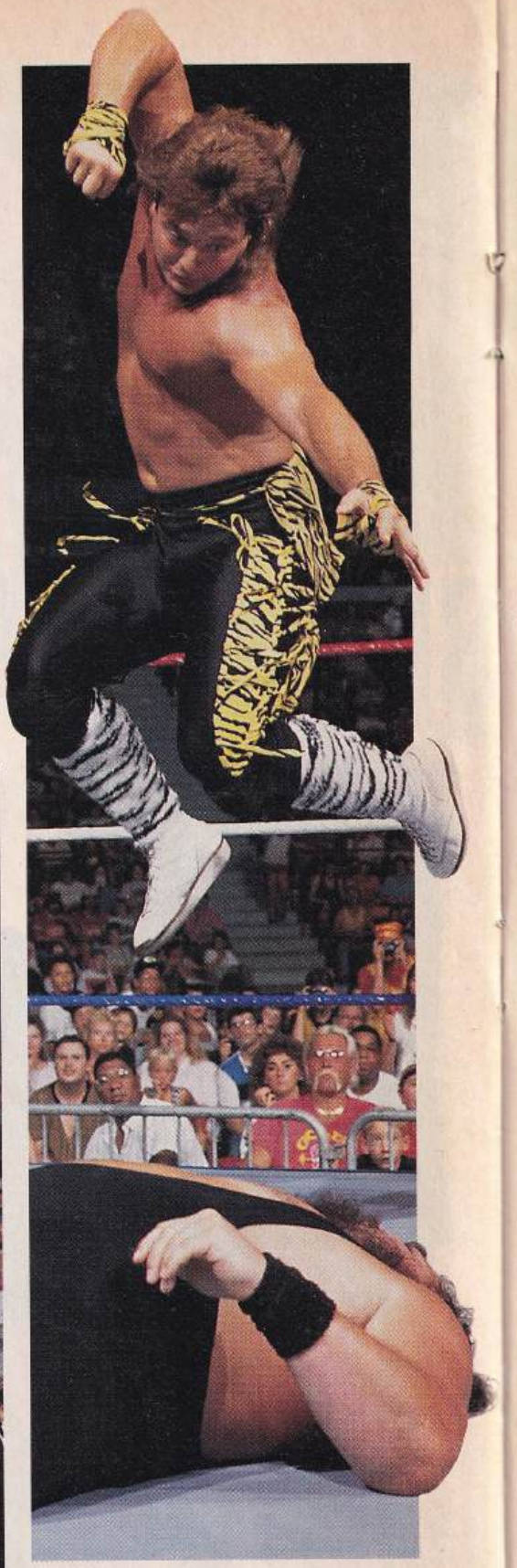
The Rockers and Demolition know the rigors of the ring. Both tandems have been at it long enough to develop a coldness for those unfortunates they take out, a ferocity that can be summoned up when all appears lost, a survival instinct refined by seeing so many of their opponents fall beneath their feet.

"I thought it was hard when we started," admits Rocker Shawn Michaels in a rare moment of candor. "But this is the big league, and it only got rougher from there on in."

On any given night, both teams feel they could snatch the tag team belts from the Hart Foundation and become the kings of the WWF's duo competition. But they have to be careful; other teams are lurking to neutralize them in their quest for the big prize. There are the unpredictable Bushwhackers, the mighty Legion of Doom, the sadistic Power and Glory and the Harts themselves, who understand that there's only room for one at the top.

"You gotta watch your back at all times," says Demolition's Crush. "There's no such thing as trust in the WWF. The only thing out there is fear. The question you have to ask yourself is: Which team do I fear the most today?"

Crush and his partner, Smash, would probably be quick to answer: the Rockers.



Demolition, because of their desire to maim the opposition, implement strong-arm tactics in order to succeed. In contrast, the Rockers use aerial maneuvers. However, if either Shawn or Marty fall victim to the Demolition decapitation move, then they will probably be finished.

Michaels and his teammate, Marty Jannetty, are most likely to say: Demolition.

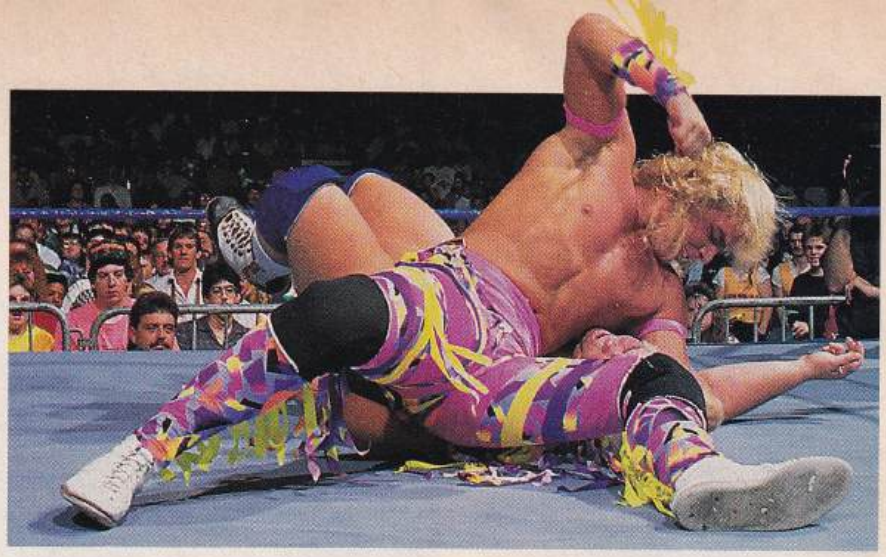
What makes these teams such fierce rivals is the fact that most WWF analysts put them on an equal level. The Rockers are arguably the most dynamic tandem in the sport and have come inches from wresting away the WWF belts many times. Demolition holds the distinction of capturing the tag team title on three separate occasions, and time has only made Smash and Crush even more treacherous. Champions Bret "Hit Man" Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart openly admit that both of these squads are a menace to their reign.

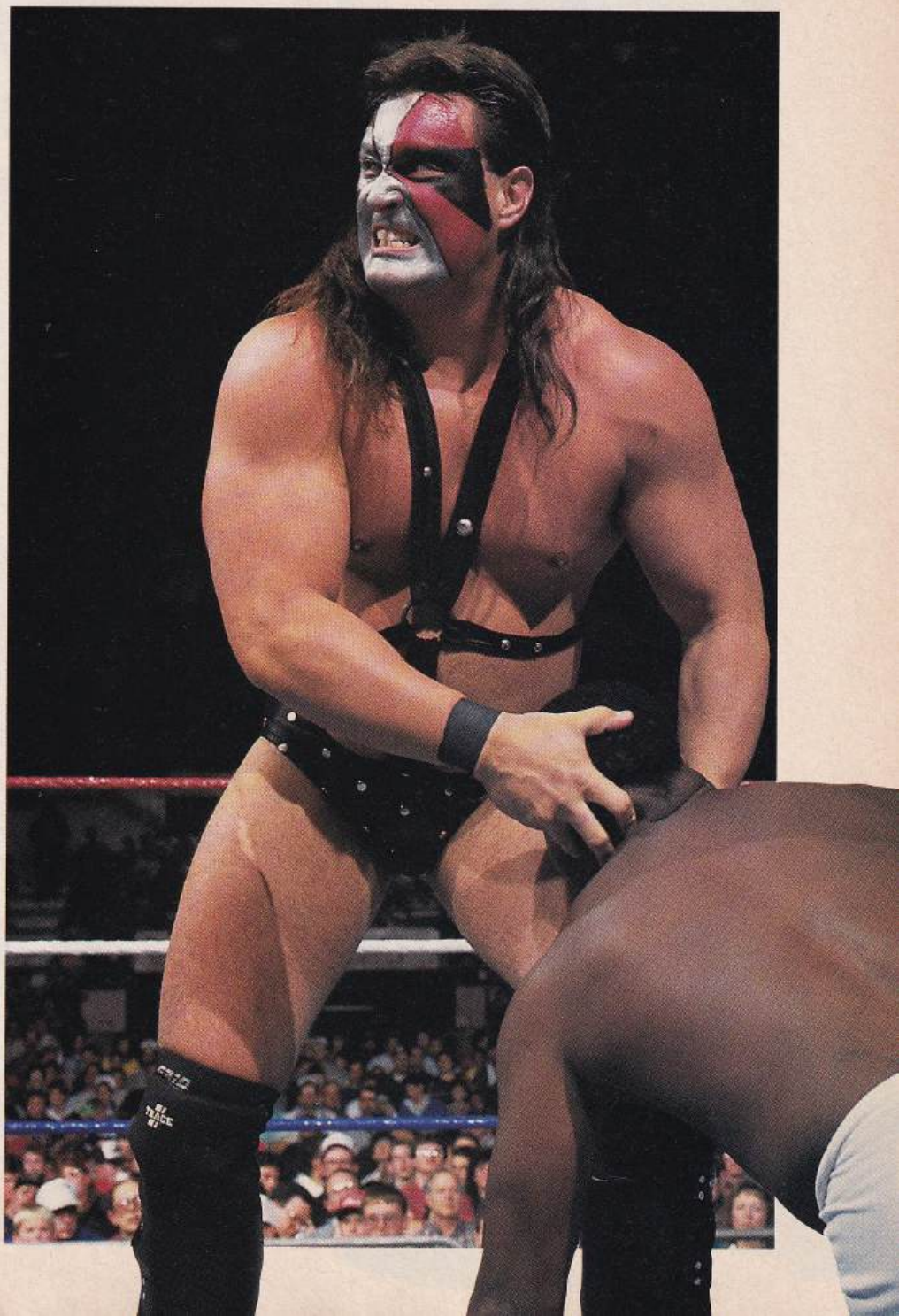
But right now, Demolition and the Rockers are a greater menace to each other.

"Both teams are so close, yet so far," offers *WWF Superstars of Wrestling* commentator Rowdy Roddy Piper. "Each is within a breath of having it all, but first either Demolition has to do away with the Rockers, or the Rockers have to dispose of Demolition. They're both squeezed into this narrow doorway, you see—looking out at all the riches that come with the tag team championship—and only one's gonna stay there."

Says a well-respected analyst of the mat game, "If someone asked me to list the top tag teams in the WWF, I'd have to write the champions down first, then fit Demolition and the Rockers on the next line. Both are at the peak of their careers and more hungry than ever to go all the way to the top. They're fighting for their lives right now because a win could bring a chance to get the tag team title, and a loss could mean a team's destruction."

On paper, this is a very tough match to call. If one solely compared Demolition's immense proportions to the Rockers', this would seem like a classic David and Goliath confrontation. But when one considers the great skills of Michaels and Jannetty, the Rockers no longer appear to be cast in the role of the underdog as David was.

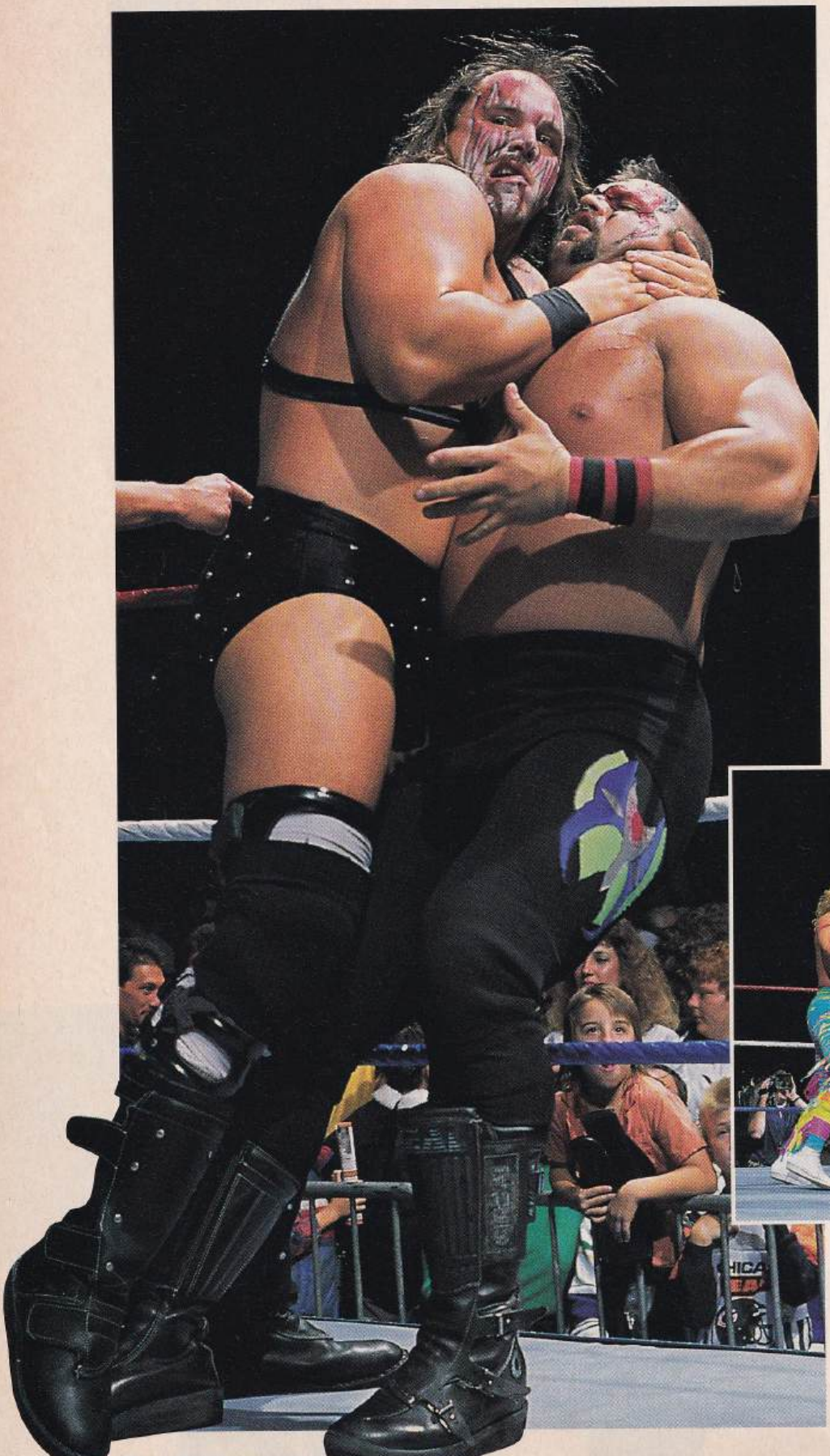


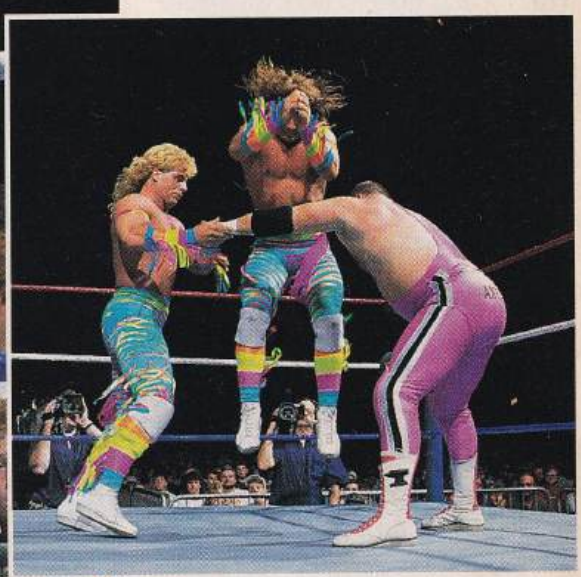


"The two are so in tune with one another's thoughts and repertoire that they fight together as one unconquerable machine," Roddy Piper says. "They know that Demolition's a dirty team, but they can be dirty too—just with more pizazz. Both will get in the ring at the same time, dazzling a man with double dropkicks, shoulderblocks and moves off the ropes. Then one will take over while the other slips onto the ring apron just in time to beat the disqualification."

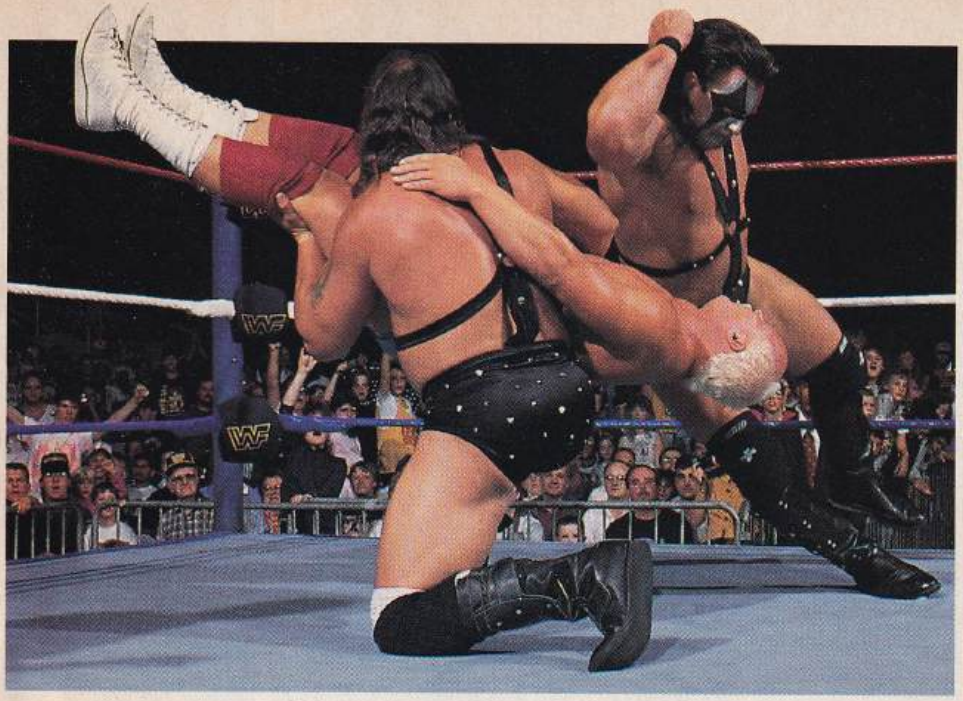
Realizing that they are at a size disadvantage, Michaels and Jannetty can be expected to isolate one of their opponents in a corner of the ring, far from his partner. Then they will execute their patented teamwork maneuvers. Renowned as "the tag team specialists," the Rockers know precisely when a man is sufficiently weakened to fall victim to their *coup de grace*, the double fist-drop off opposite turnbuckles.

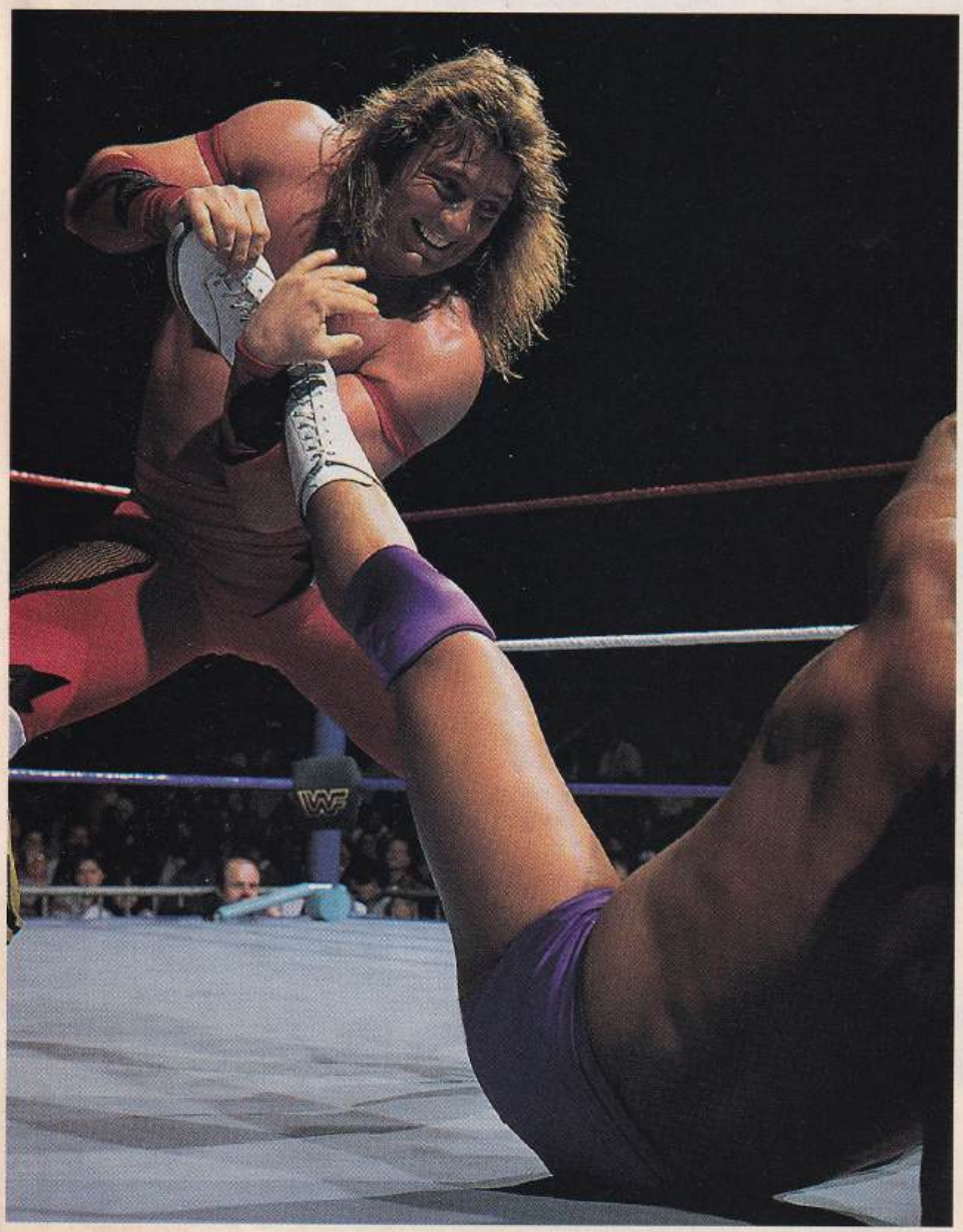
Of course, their entire strategy can be blown to smithereens by the actions of Mr. Fuji, Demolition's inscrutable manager. "In a word, Mr. Fuji is a genius," proclaims the Honky Tonk Man, television analyst and former Intercontinental Champion. "It's my distinguished opinion that he makes Demolition—probably the most lethal tag team in the WWF—that much more of a hazard. Not only are Smash and Crush big and mean, but they have a man-





The confrontation between the Rockers and Demolition means the world to both teams. If Demolition can immobilize their foes, they will assuredly be deemed No. 1 contenders for the WWF Tag Team Championship. Likewise, if the Rockers win, they'll move into that slot.





THE FIGHT

ager willing to go the distance for them. If that means choking Jannetty with the tag rope or clocking Michaels with his cane, that's fine. Wrestling's supposed to be for he-men like Demolition anyway, not soda jerks like the Rockers."

The irony is that Demolition doesn't really *need* Mr. Fuji in their corner. "These men are three-time champions," Piper points out. "Believe me, bubba, they know how to behave once that bell sounds." Their championship experience allows them to improvise quickly and turn a difficult match back in their favor.

Alone, Smash and Crush are each perceived as brutal strongmen. Combined, their calamitous potential is endless. They're fully aware that they can overpower their foes, and they can be expected to abuse the advantage. If Demolition is able to get either of the Rockers alone for a long enough period of time—punishing him with bearhugs, pummeling him with double fists across the back, stomping him against the canvas—his teammate may never have a chance to save him.

"I don't know why these punks are even bothering," sneers Crush. "We're just gonna chomp them tender and spit them into the upper deck. Once either of those sissies lets his guard down, we'll steamroll over his head."

The key phrase here is "letting his guard down." Jannetty insists that neither of the Rockers has any such intentions. "Those goons will never get a chance to gain an edge on us," he promises. "We're gonna be on top of them the second they leave the dressing room. Shawn and I plan to fight with everything we have, and we're never letting up."

His bravado fades a moment. Then Jannetty continues softly, "We can't afford to."

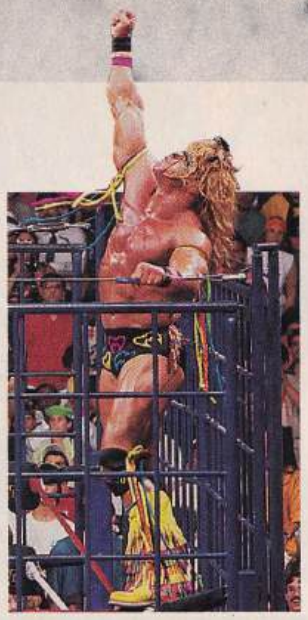
He understands that there are no second chances in the biggest of big leagues. WF

WWF TRIVIA

By Larry Humber

It's time for another session of WWF Trivia. As always, there are five categories of questions. Award yourself one point for answering the first question in each category, two points for answering the second and three for the third, the most difficult. A perfect score is 30, and all the answers can be found in back issues of *WWF Magazine*.

If you score between 25-30, you should be asking the questions. Between 20-25, good going. Between 15-20, not bad. Less than 10, it's back to the gym for you.

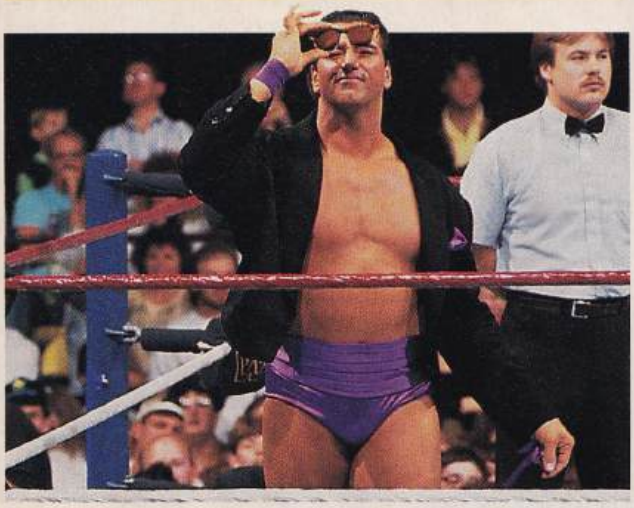


SUMMERSLAM '90

1 Shawn Michaels was disabled by what chain-swinging individual at *SummerSlam*?

2 Who pinned whom in the bout that gave the Hart Foundation the tag team title?

3 The steel cage from which the Ultimate Warrior escaped at *SummerSlam* had bars how many feet high?

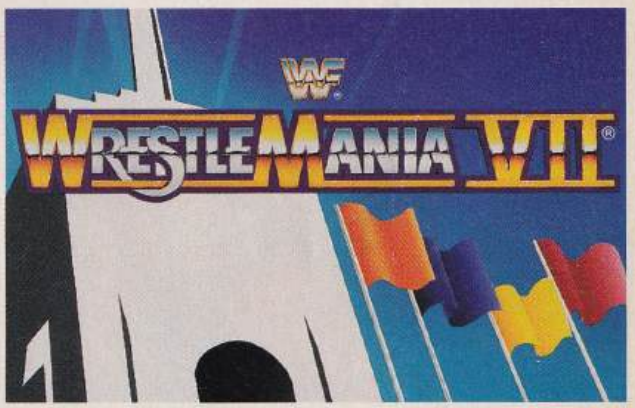


A MODEL CITIZEN

1 What's Rick Martel's signature move?

2 According to Martel, Damian would look good as either a pair of boots or what other fashion accessory?

3 The Model claims his Modelvision glasses allow him to see through to what parts of people?



WWF STUFF

1 WWF Fan Club members get four autographed color prints of WWF stars. Is Tugboat among them?

2 Three replica belts are advertised for sale in *WWF Magazine*. Which is new for 1991?

3 Orders are now being taken for tickets to *WrestleMania VII* in Los Angeles. Golden Ringside tickets sell for how much?

INTERCONTINENTAL RECAP

1 Was Tito Santana ever Intercontinental champ?

2 At what 1988 event did the Ultimate Warrior grab the Intercontinental Championship?

3 Who was the longest-reigning Intercontinental champ?

ODDS & ENDS

1 What flag appears on the robes worn by the Orient Express?

2 What does Saba Simba mean?

3 Jimmy Hart says that when he managed the Hart Foundation, they talked strategy how many hours a day?

And the answers are: **A MODEL CITIZEN**, the Boston Crab, a belt, and their hearts. **INTERCONTINENTAL RECAP**, yes, *SummerSlam '88*, and the Honky Tonk Man. **SUMMERSLAM**, Hercules, Bret Hart pinned Crush, and 15 feet. **WWF STUFF**, yes, the WWF Tag Team Championship belt, and $150. **ODDS & ENDS**, the Japanese flag, Seven Lions, and 24. How'd you do?

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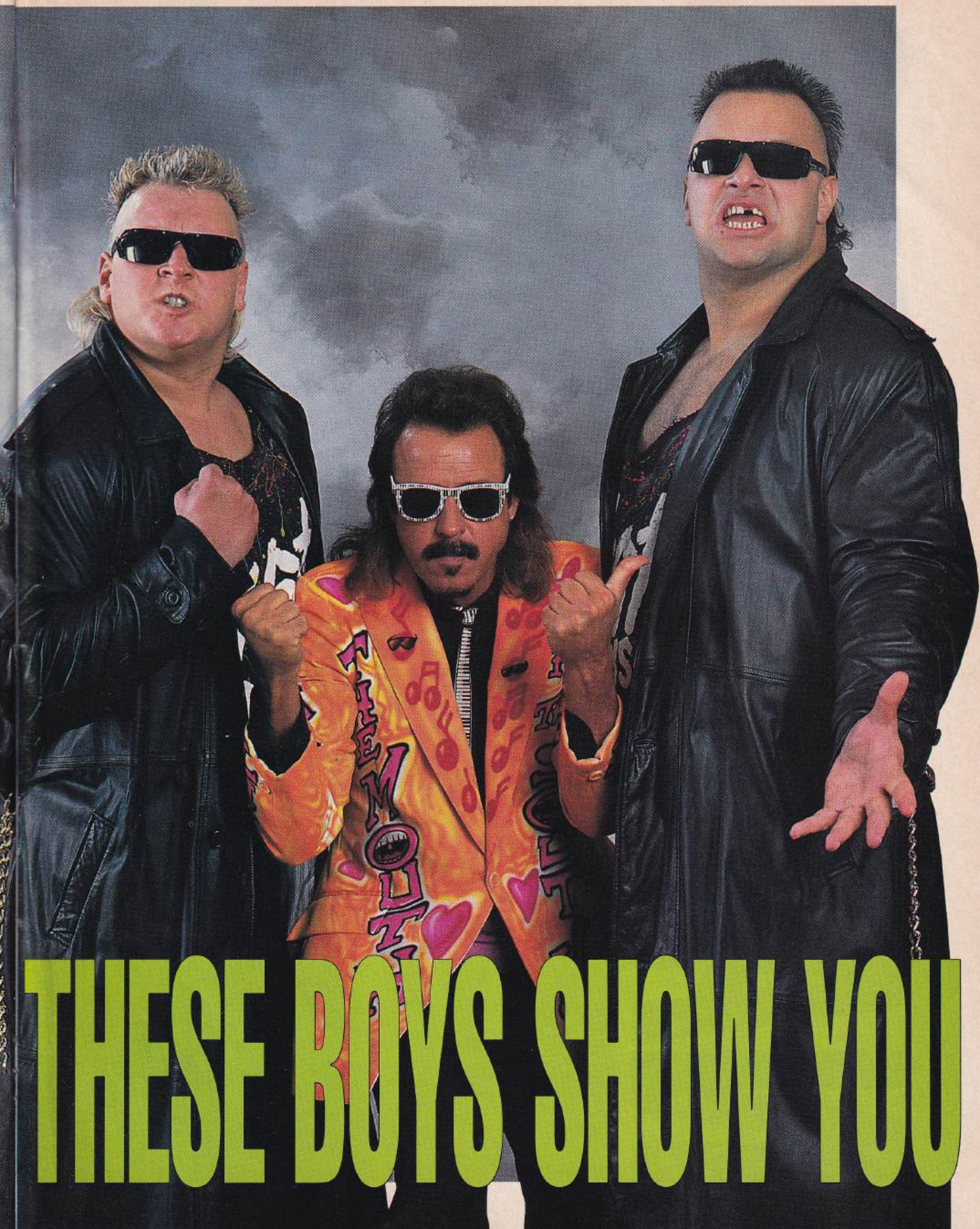
NASTY BOYS

HOW NASTY CAN YOU GET?

Managed by Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, the Nasty Boys—Brian Knobbs and Jerry Saggs—have made a big impact on the World Wrestling Federation. In their first match, for example, Knobbs and Saggs demonstrated toughness and tag team expertise when they took on Jim Evans and Sonny Blaze, two up-and-coming young competitors.

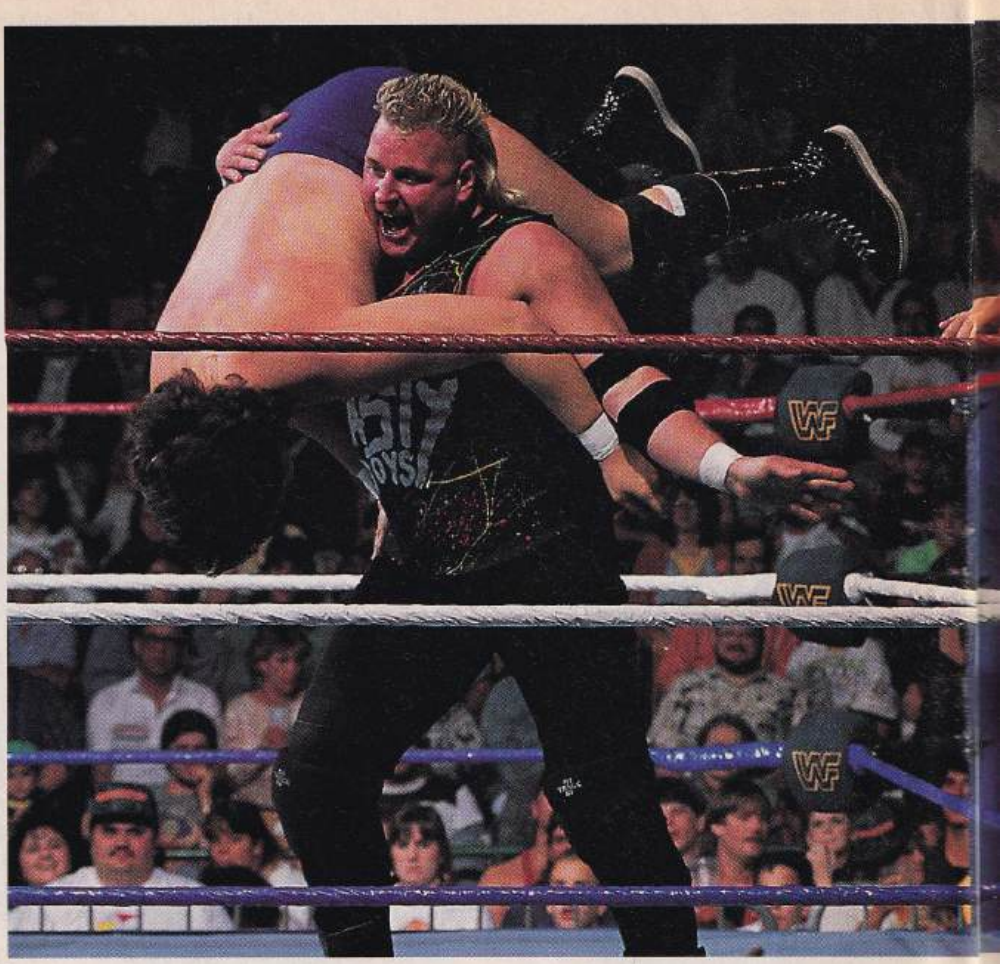
Unfortunately for the latter duo, they were taught a painful lesson. As soon as the bell rang, the Boys went on the assault, striking with boots and punches and making

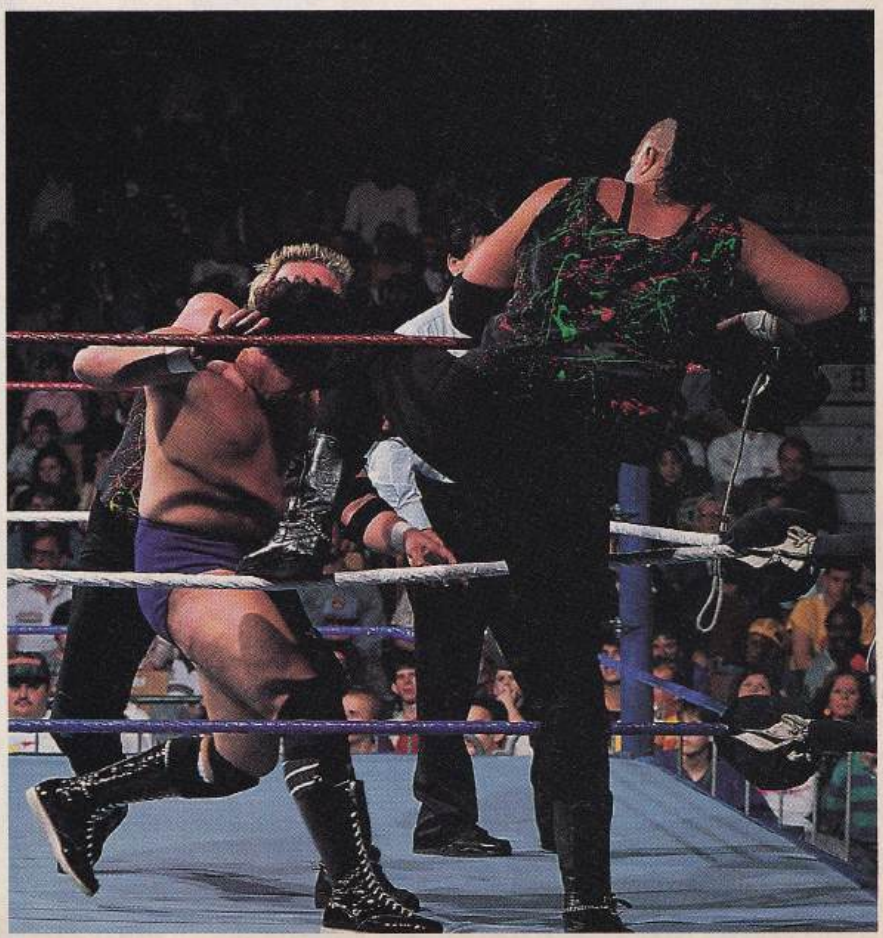
Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart's Nasty Boys—Brian Knobbs and Jerry Saggs—are two of the baddest apples in the bunch.

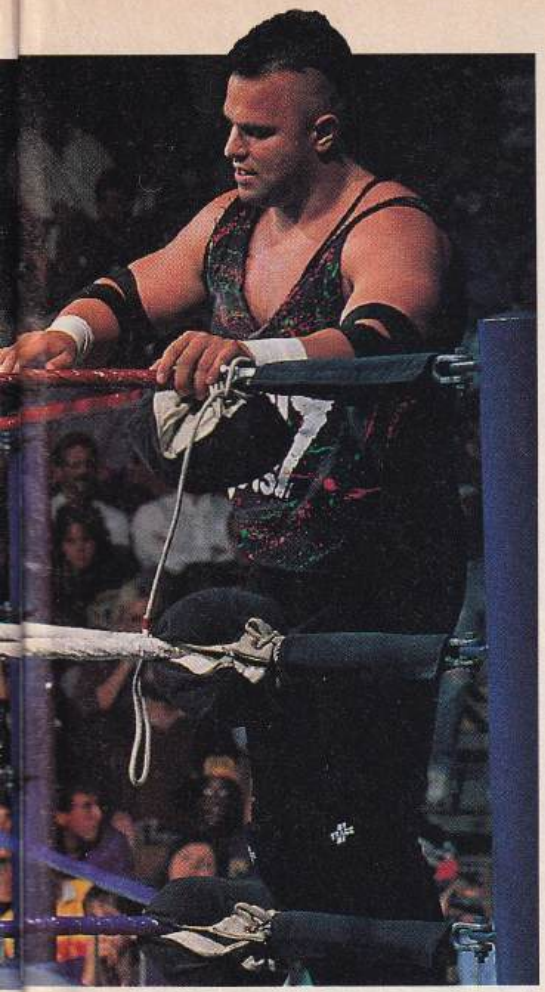


THESE BOYS SHOW YOU

NASTY BOYS







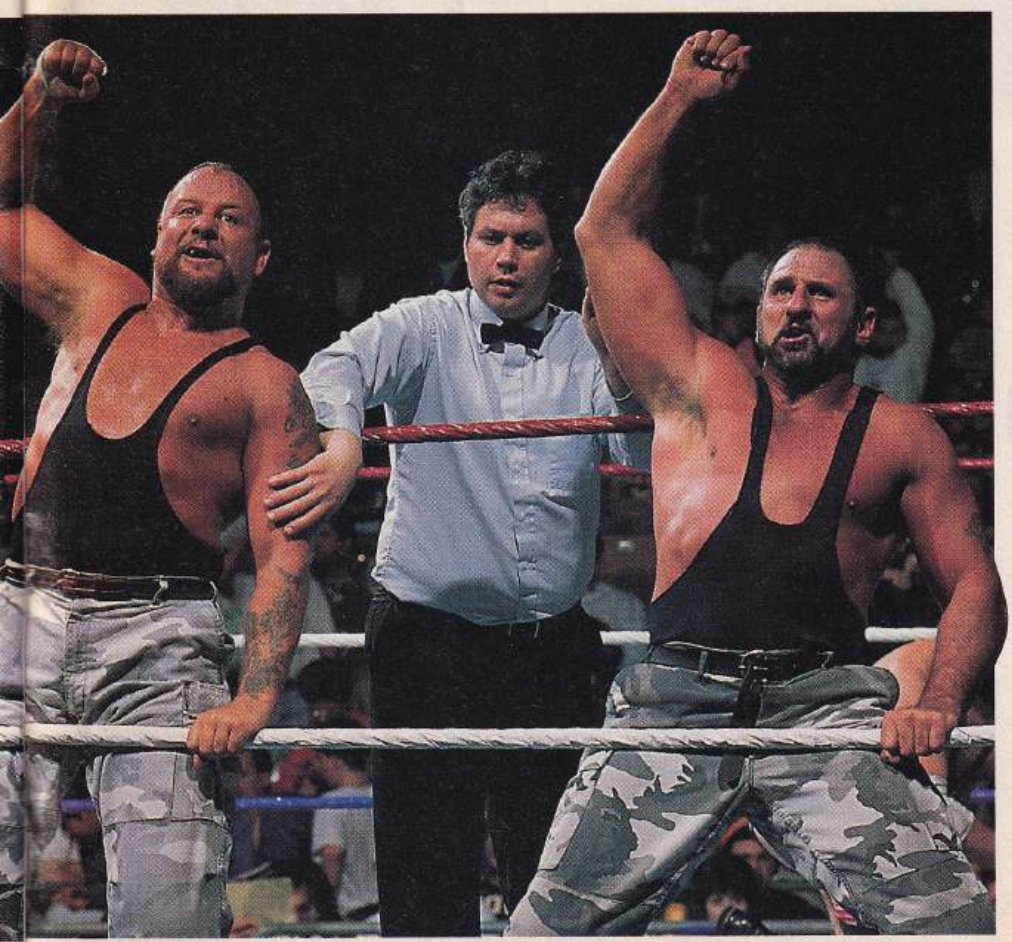
quick tags. To keep the edge, the bad Boys from Allentown, Pennsylvania, started double-teaming and battered Evans with a double kick off the ropes followed by a double back suplex.

The Nasty Boys wouldn't relent. Repeatedly and at will, they battered their adversaries with diving headbutts, quick elbows and devastating bodyslams.

This brutality alone would have been enough to overcome Blaze and Evans. However, the Nastys wanted to see their opponents really suffer. Knobbs scooped up Blaze and slammed him down to the canvas before tagging Saggs. Once the tag was made, Saggs climbed up to the top turnbuckle, perched himself there and then leapt off with a big elbow.

Saggs came crashing down into Blaze's chest and easily covered him for the three-count. It was an incredible maneuver and one, according to the Nasty Boys and Jimmy Hart, that will cripple the best duos operating in the WWF.

Since making their debut in the World Wrestling Federation not too long ago, the Boys have wreaked havoc. The Bushwhackers, Luke and Butch, however, have taken exception to the Nasty Boys' methods of wrestling and promise to amply dispose of them in the near future here in the WWF.



"They look nasty, they smell nasty, they try to act nasty, but they're not nasty, no way."

"The Nasty Boys are big-time, baby," Hart said. "And they're gonna go all the way to the top, and that finishing maneuver of theirs will pave the way."

"Our plans are to show every team in the WWF that we are the nastiest boys who ever lived," Knobbs added. "Remember this. Me and Saggs don't have opponents—only victims. Bushwhackers, you're first on our list. You guys will feel what the Nasty Boys are all about when we're throwing you around from pillar to post. Bushwhackers, the wheelchairs are waiting for you!"

Bushwhackers? Why have the Nastys set their sights on the rollicking tag team from the backwoods of New Zealand?

"Because they look nasty, they smell nasty, they try to act nasty, but they're not nasty, no way," says Saggs, who adds that WWF announcers Vince McMahon, Rowdy Roddy Piper and the Honky Tonk Man should pronounce his name properly.

"When we came to the WWF," says Knobbs, "we brought a new kind of nasty attitude. We're plain mean. We're so mean that nobody's gonna be able to stay in the ring with us."

So far, he's right. But the Bushwhackers could be another mat-

NASTY BOYS

ter. Luke and Butch have demonstrated that they are as tough as nails. They are no slouches in the strength department and very hard to hurt. Bang them around, and they keep coming at you.

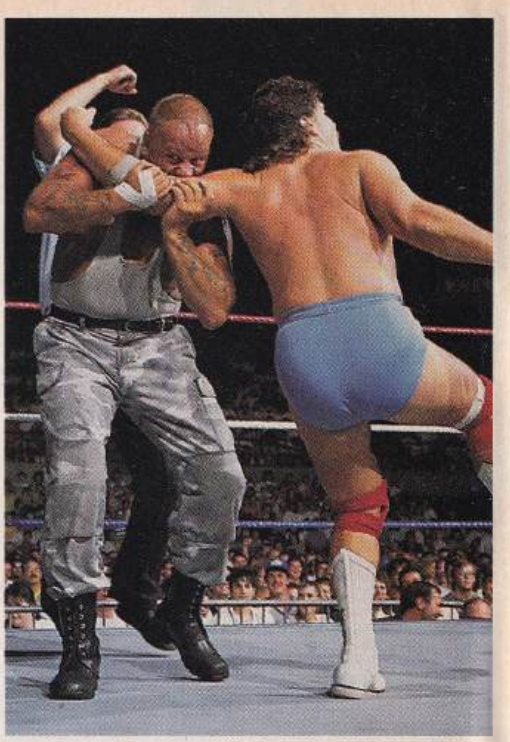
Unlike the Nasty Boys, Luke and Butch like people and, unless provoked, are rollicking sorts. But they can slug it out.

"Nasty Blokes, or whatever you call yourselves," says Butch, "you won't push us around."

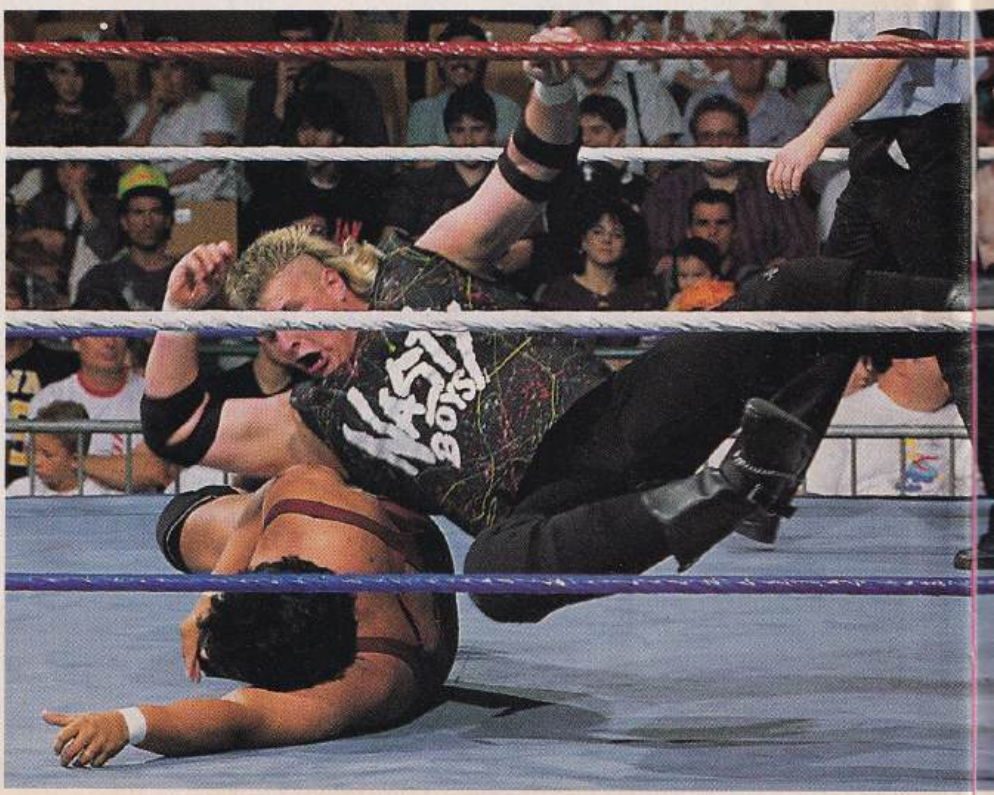
"Right, cousin," says Luke. "Those nasty newcomers are going to want to leave the WWF after we finish with them. We'll give them fits."

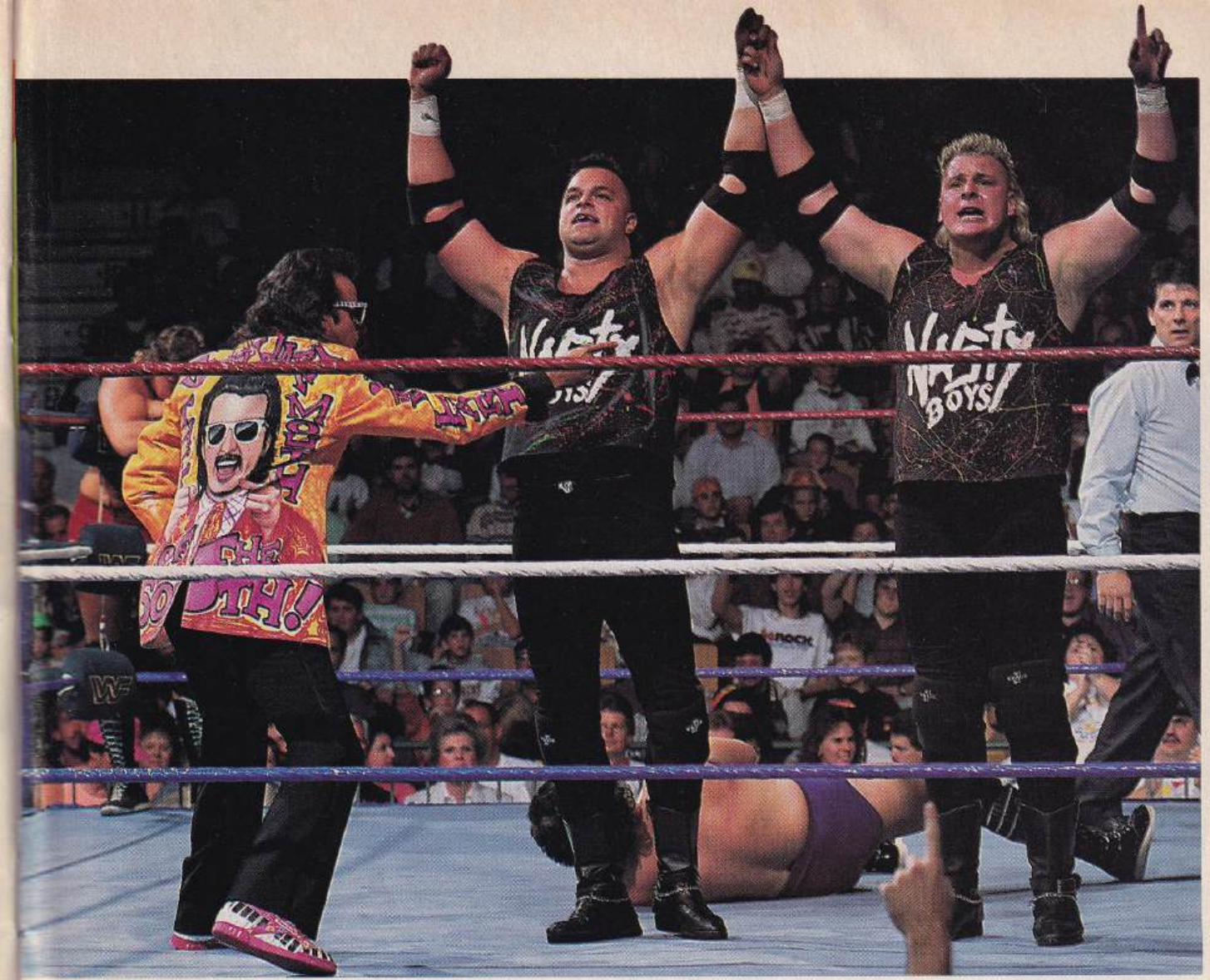
One way the Bushwhackers could give the Nasty Boys problems is with their unorthodox style or, rather, lack of style. It is simply impossible to predict what the Bushwhackers will do next. They probably don't even know themselves. It just comes to them naturally as they wrestle.

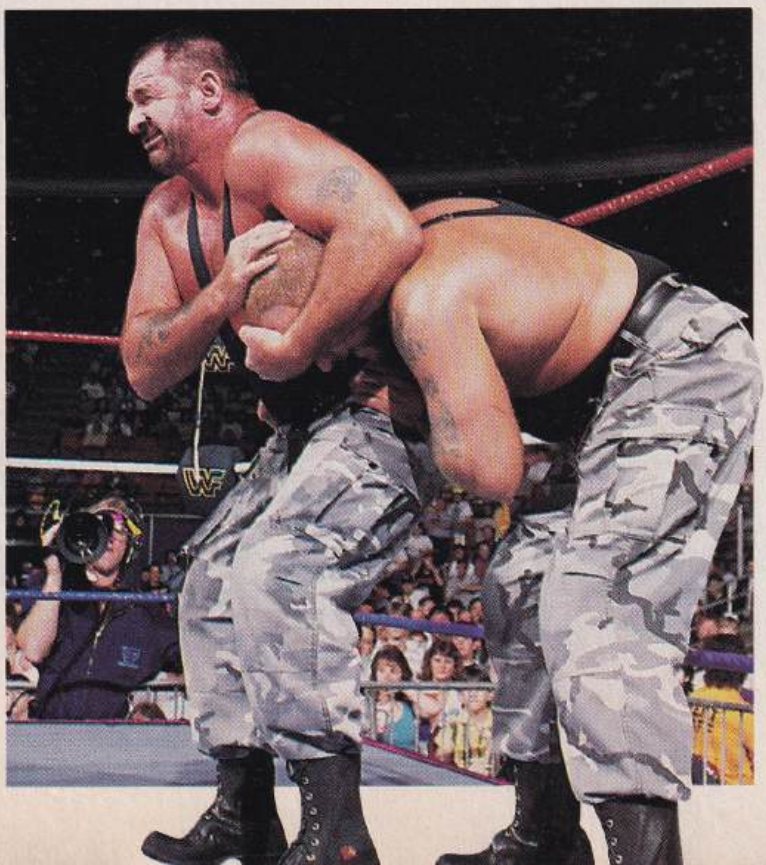
On the other hand, the Nasty Boys seem more ruthless and vicious than any team Luke and Butch have come up against. Wild and woolly as they are, the Bushwhackers may not be able to stay up before the raw savagery of the Boys. Nothing is too



When the Nasty Boys and the Bushwhackers square off in World Wrestling Federation rings, prepare yourself for a wild and woolly affair, because both teams rely on bruising tactics in order to succeed. A slight edge, however, may go to the Boys because of their relentlessness and the wiles of their sly manager, Jimmy Hart, who will do whatever it takes to turn the tables in the Nasties' favor.







nasty for the Nasty Ones to dish out to opponents. And it doesn't look as if they do it only to win. They like beating and bullying people. Nothing gives the Nasty Boys more kicks.

"We like to see the little piggies squeal," snarls Saggs. "We love to see them squirm in pain and wiggle with hurt."

"Yea," says Knobbs. "That's how we get our fun. Putting on all the hurt in the world. Now, we're gonna have our fun with those crud-encrusted, bad-breathed Bush-whackers. We're gonna do it in front of all the scum out there who like them. We'll tell you something, you New Zealand morons, you low I.Q. backwoods boobs. What we been doing so far is nothin'. We ain't scratched the surface of nasty. But when we get on you, we're gonna show everybody just how nasty we can get." WF

THE WARLORD vs. TH

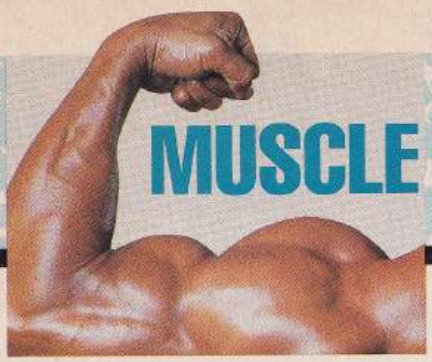
IT'S A MATTE

HE BRITISH BULLDOG

In a vacant locker room, the British Bulldog stood in a corner and trained his biceps with alternate dumbbell curls in preparation for an arm wrestling contest with the Warlord. Knowing of the power that the Warlord possesses,

R OF MUSCLE

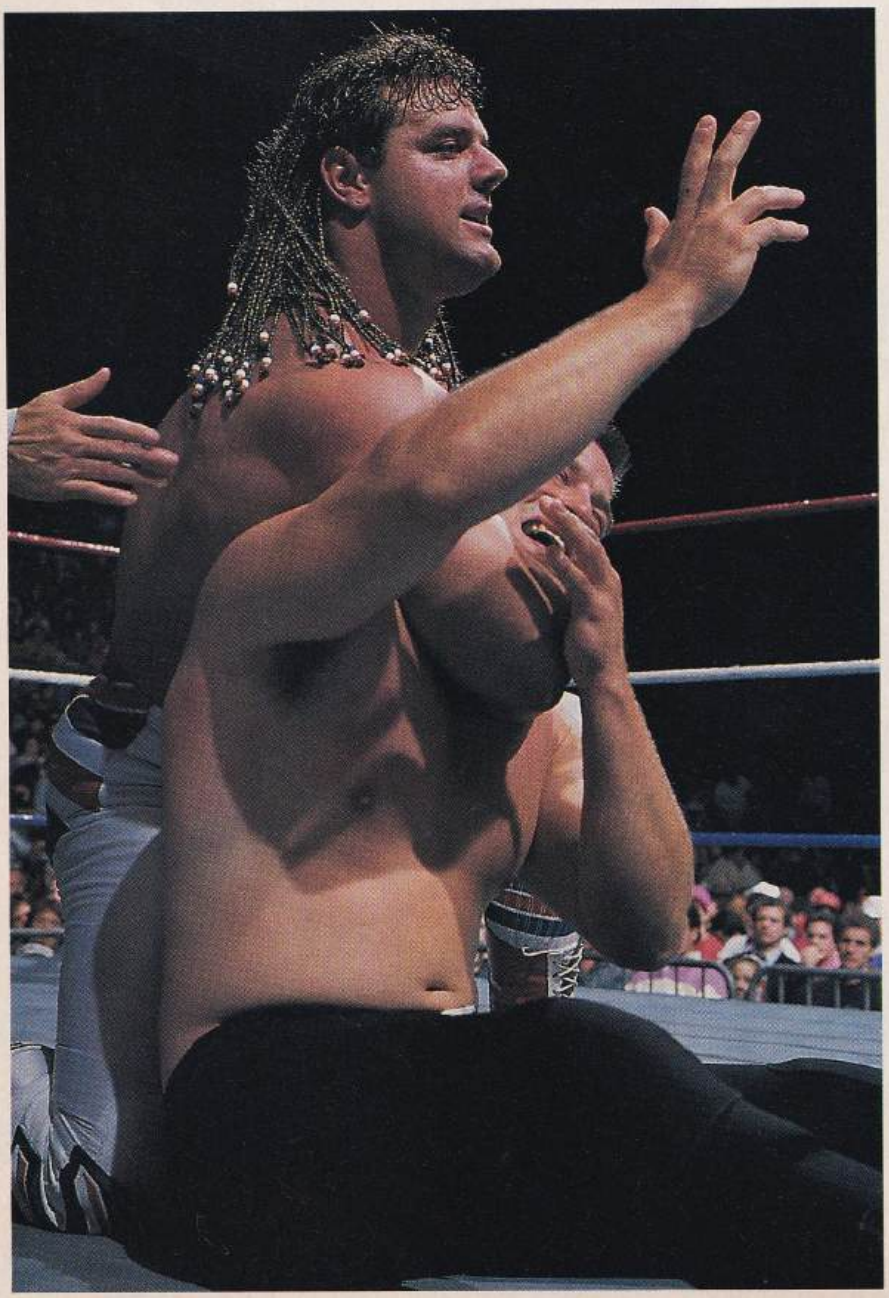
By Lou Gianfriddo

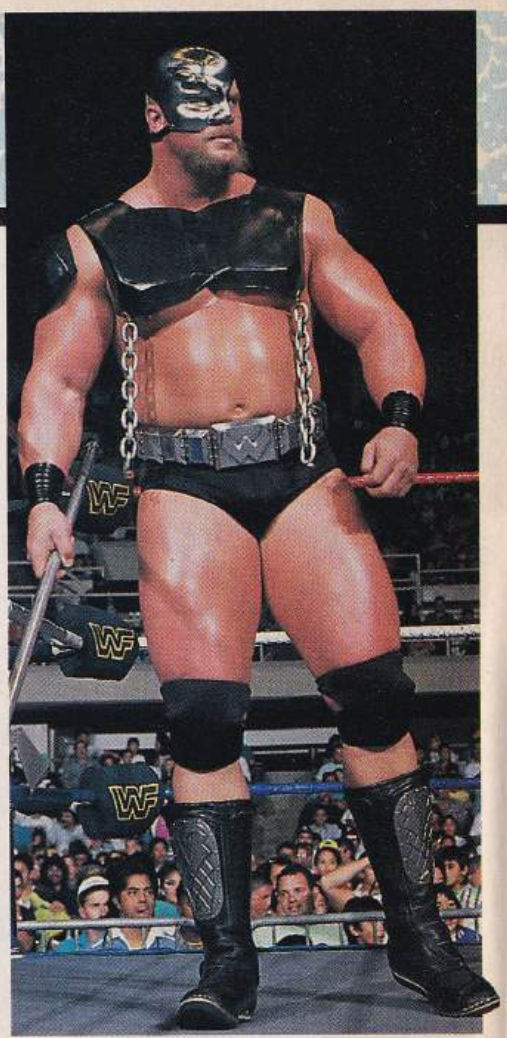


the Bulldog banged out many repetitions until his biceps were adequately pumped.

"I've got an arm wrestling match against the Warlord," the Bulldog said, as he put the dumbbells down. "You know, he's a big boy and has a lot of power. But I think that I can match his strength."

After this brief pause, the Bulldog resumed with his biceps training. Then, when he completed 25 more reps, the Bulldog put the dumbbells down for good. His arms were pumped, and to prove it, the Bulldog struck a double biceps pose in front of a cracked mirror. Pleased with the reflection, the Bulldog smiled and said, "That's right, I can match the Warlord's strength and then some."



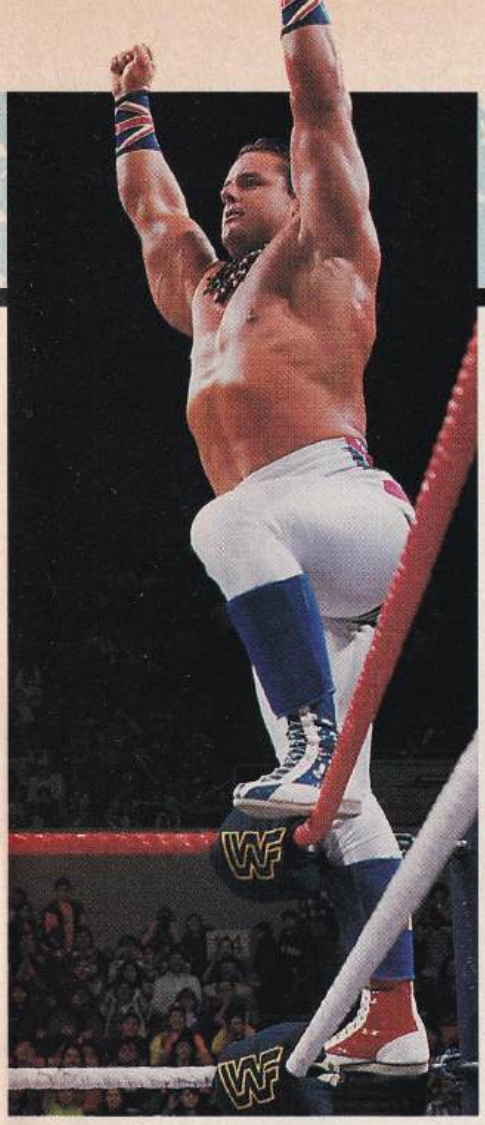


Meanwhile, elsewhere, the Warlord was in the middle of an intense training session. Like the Bulldog, the Warlord was also working his biceps, cranking out standing barbell concentration curls with close to 200 pounds of weight. His manager, the Doctor of Style, Slick, stood behind the Warlord and monitored his progress.

"Warlord, keep on pumping, brother," Slick said, while he held onto his hat. "I want you to be pumped to the gills, because you've got that miserable mutt, the British Bulldog, in a special arm wrestling match. That's it, brother, give me five more reps!"

Obeying his manager, the Warlord completed the reps and then threw the bar to the floor. "Ahhh,"

MUSCLE



The British Bulldog Davey Boy Smith and the ferocious Warlord are two of the most powerful wrestlers in the World Wrestling Federation. Knowing this, they now want a ring confrontation to settle in front of the world the question of just who is the strongest athlete in the WWF.

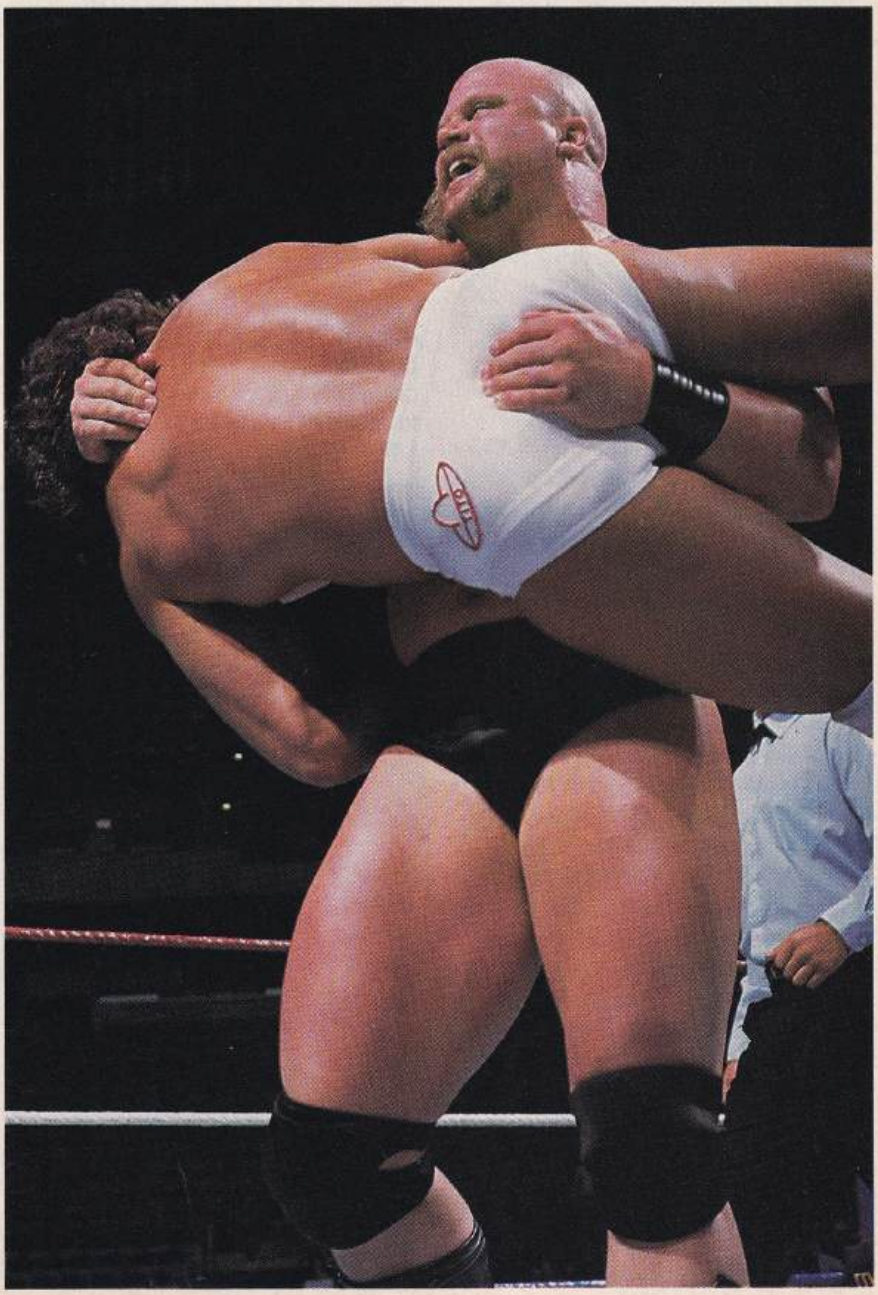
he screamed, as streams of sweat trickled down his massive chest. His intensity pleased the Doctor of Style.

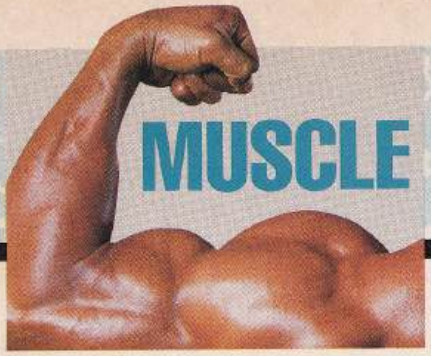
"You're gonna show that boy just who's the strongest wrestler in the WWF, Warlord," Slick said with a smile. "He ain't nothing. You can beat him in arm wrestling, and you can definitely beat that boy in the ring."

Flexing his arms, the Warlord was quick to reply. "Slickster, the British Bulldog, is gonna feel the might and the power of the Warlord."

The next night, the Warlord, with Slick by his side, stepped into the ring. There stood a table and two facing chairs. Breathing heavily, the monstrous athlete pulled up a seat and dug his elbow down into the table. Just then, the Bulldog rushed down to the ring, more than eager to test his power against that of his opponent.

Anticipating the challenge, the Bulldog sat right across from the Warlord and, locking eyes with him, put up his hand in the straight-arm position. However, the Warlord—perhaps in an effort to psych out the Bulldog—quickly





jumped from his chair and paced around the ring.

"You're all fired up to get beat, ain't you, Bulldog?" asked Slick. At that point, the manager turned around and whispered in his protégé's ear. Nodding his head in approval, the Warlord returned to his seat and once again raised his impressive arm.

"Let's do it!" he ordered, as sweat dripped down the back of his bald dome.

Readily, the Bulldog interlocked his fingers with the Warlord's. As they adjusted their hands, the two athletes looked at one another in an intense staredown. This was their time of truth.

Finally, when they both had a good grip, they began to arm wrestle. From the start, the Warlord took the advantage, pushing the Bulldog's arm down to a 45 degree angle. Wanting to display that he was the strongest, the Warlord then gave it his all. Because of the strain, the Bulldog's arm trembled, and the veins nearly popped out of his biceps. However, he wouldn't give way.

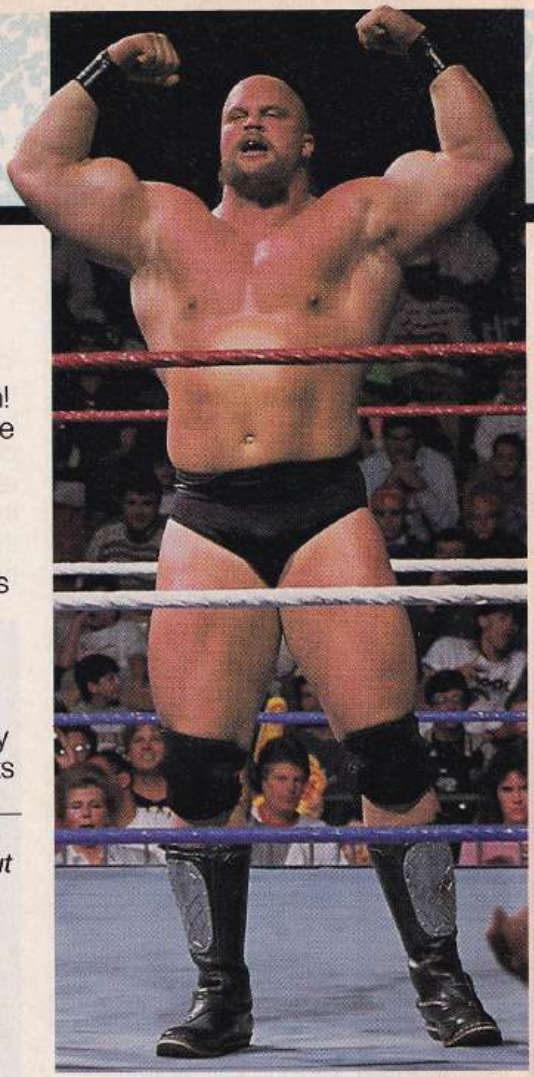
Tapping into his inner reserves, the Bulldog mounted a comeback, as the crowd in the arena rallied behind him. Using all his might, the Bulldog powered his way back to the straight-arm position. Slick, upon seeing the Bulldog rebounding, screamed his encouragement to the Warlord.

"Warlord, don't let this mutt beat you," Slick said. "He's only half a man."

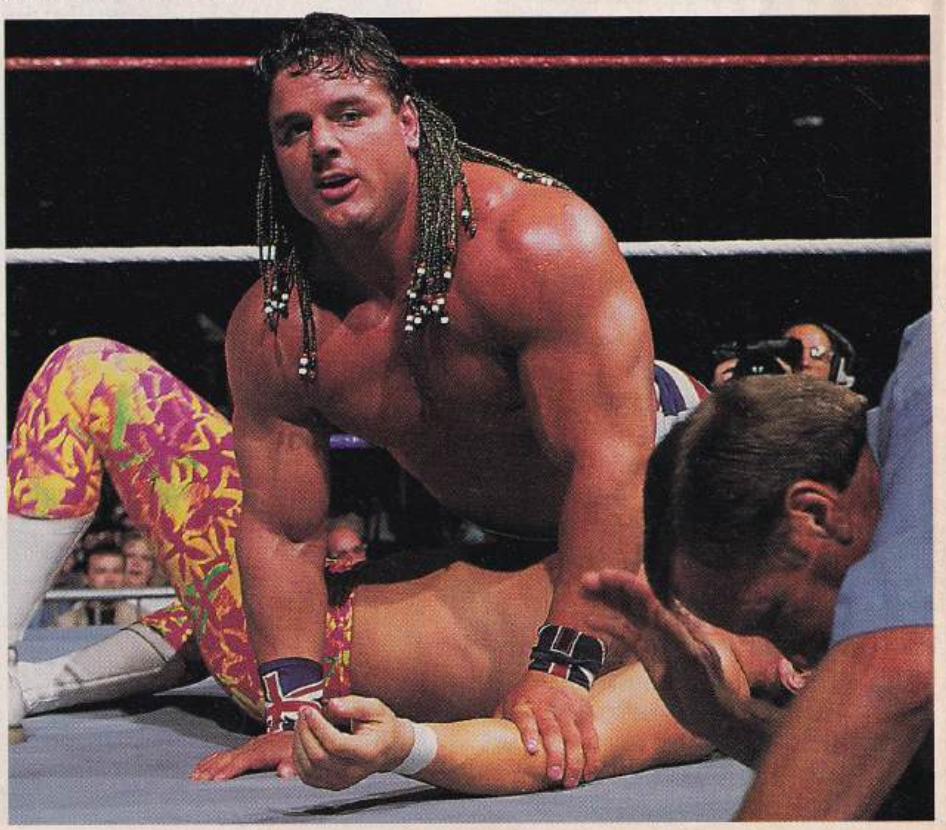
At that point, the Bulldog—perhaps wanting to shut the Slickster's big mouth—really turned on the juice and pushed the Warlord's arm down to within inches of the table. The Bulldog bore down and increased the pressure until the Warlord's arm was just above the table top. It looked as if the Bulldog had won!

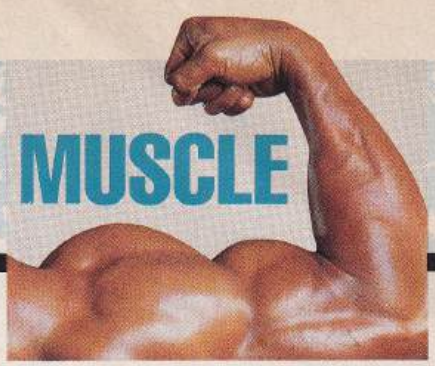
But it was not to be. Just before the Bulldog pinned his arm, the massive Warlord threw back his left hand and cracked it on the back of the Bulldog's neck. As a result of the impact, the Bulldog's face slammed into the table, knocking him for a loop.

Enraged, the Warlord then went on the warpath. He flipped the table onto the Bulldog's body and then began putting the boots



The Warlord, encouraged by manager Slick, believes that he can put the British Bulldog away with the full nelson. The Bulldog, on the other hand, contends that his powerslam—a move the Warlord once employed—will spell defeat for the bald behemoth when their judgment day arrives.





to him. All the while, the Slickster cheered and offered sadistic advice. "Now kick the dummy in the throat," the manager demanded.

The Warlord did just that and kept on doing so until a crew of WWF referees ran into the ring and stopped the carnage. But it was too late; the damage had been done. The Bulldog, coughing violently, had to be escorted back to the locker room and examined by physicians. Despite a few bruises and broken blood vessels, the Bulldog luckily didn't sustain any major injuries.

After this incident took place, both participants were eager to vent their rage to *WWF Magazine*.

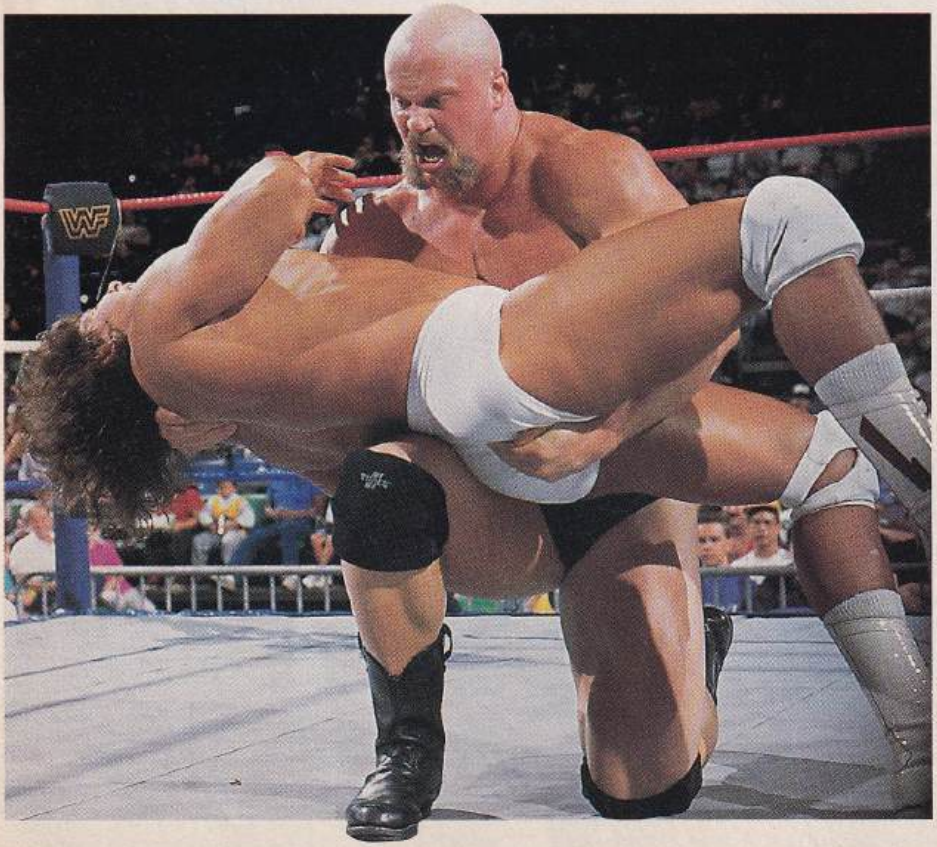
"OK, Warlord," stammered the Bulldog. "You want to play rough? Well, the British Bulldog is the roughest player in the WWF. I will get even for what you did. In fact, I'll bet that I can knock the stuffings out of you with my powerslam before you can beat me with that full nelson of yours. Don't believe me? Well, believe it; I'm gonna be chasing you at your heels, and I'm gonna sink my teeth into you, Warlord."

The Bulldog requested that *WWF Magazine* relay his comments back to the Warlord's camp, and when we did, Warlord and his manager had the following statements.

"Ha, ha, ha," Slick laughed. "British Bulldog, my Warlord beat you like a dog and left you whimpering in the middle of the ring, brother. Now you say that you want to match your powerslam against the Warlord's full nelson, which I like to call the 'Chiropractor's Nightmare.' Well, bring it on, brother, bring it on. The Warlord beat the daylights out of you in an arm wrestling match, and he's gonna do even worse when he clamps the full nelson on you. Tell 'em, Warlord."

"British Bulldog, I accept your challenge!" the Warlord replied, pointing with his battle ax. "My full nelson against your powerslam. It's gonna boil down to this—I'm gonna break your neck!"

In the coming weeks, the WWF will certainly witness this momentous match of muscle when these two dynamic athletes once again take to the ring. According to both camps, it won't be a conventional matchup. For example, you won't see too many drop toeholds, fireman-carry takedowns or leg scissors. You will, however, see and experience a confrontation of power meeting power. When the smoke clears, they both say, the WWF will truly know that only the strong survive within its ranks!

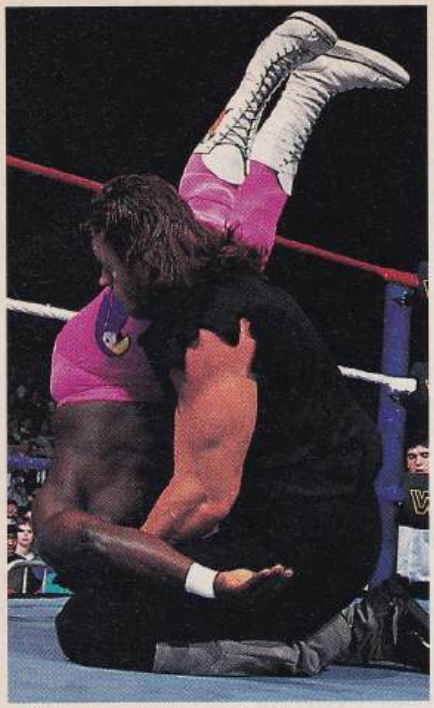


MAN FROM THE MORGUE

Does the Grim Reaper Stalk the WWF?

SOME ONLOOKERS LIKEN HIM TO MR. HYDE, HIDEOUS COUNTERPART OF DR. JEKYLL. SOME SAY HE REMINDS THEM OF BLUEBEARD, NOTORIOUS WIFE KILLER. OTHERS SAY HE APPEARS AS IF HE WERE THE REINCARNATION OF JACK THE RIPPER.

Brother Love's Undertaker is a deadly force in the WWF.



They're talking about the Undertaker, the 328-pound brute, cold of eye and sallow of face, who looks as if his favorite hangouts are the mortuary, the morgue and the crypt.

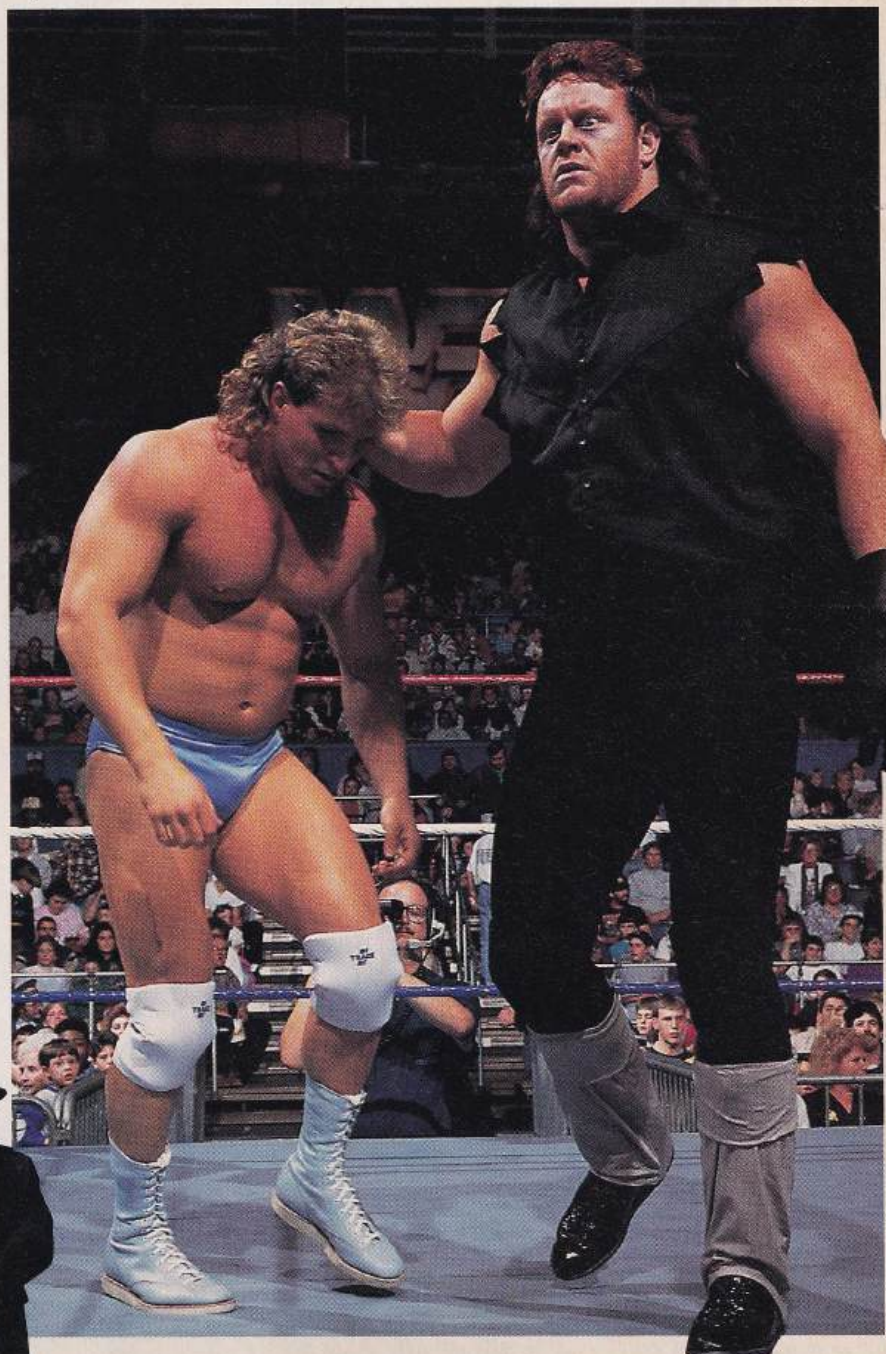
Since he arrived in the WWF short months ago, this implacable ghoul of the mat has sent shivers of revulsion down the spines of fans—and also down the spines of some of the most fearless wrestlers in the WWF ring.

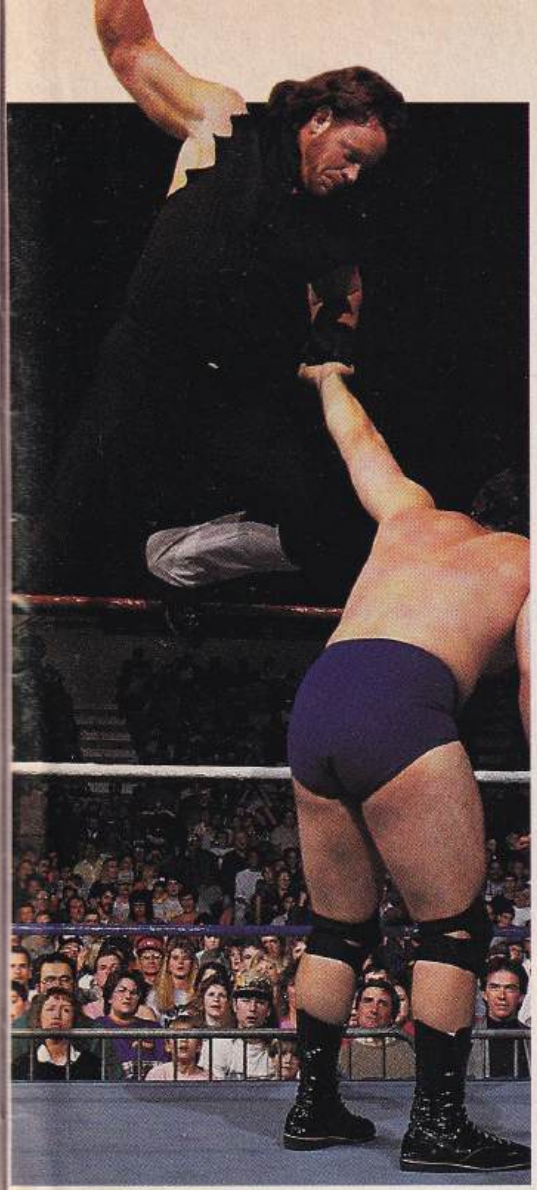
"I went up against him in the *Survivor Series*," says Bret "Hit Man" Hart, co-holder of the WWF Tag Team Title. "I don't even like to touch him. He's clammy. He's cold as ice. I'd take him on again, 'cause I'm not afraid of anybody, but he still gives me the creeps."

Another grappler, who because of his statement refuses to be named, says, "I don't want to go into the ring with that guy. He ain't human. He don't feel nothing at all. He's got no emotion. The only time he shows he's feeling something is his eyes twitch when he's hurting people." Indeed, the Undertaker does hurt people. Time after time, he has slammed the coffin lid on opponents by a steady, measured and cold-hearted assault, the end of which seems inevitable as—we have to say it—death.

"Yes, maybe I am the Grim Reaper," says the Undertaker, "because I will be the death of many careers in the WWF. I will put hopes and goals into the grave. I will inflict so much pain people will wish they had never been born. I'll cut them down as if they were struck with a scythe. I'll lay them out and fold their hands on their chests, pull down their eyelids, and then I'll bury all their expectations, all their hopes, all their dreams."

Certainly, during his appearances in the squared circle, the Undertaker acts like the Grim Reaper of the ring. Unyielding as death, he methodically stalks his opponents. His face totally devoid of expression, his eyes baleful and bleak, this chilling brute seemingly cannot be stopped, nor can his course of action be diverted. Opponents who have tried unsuccessfully to hurt him—their best shots don't phase him in the least—find that nothing can





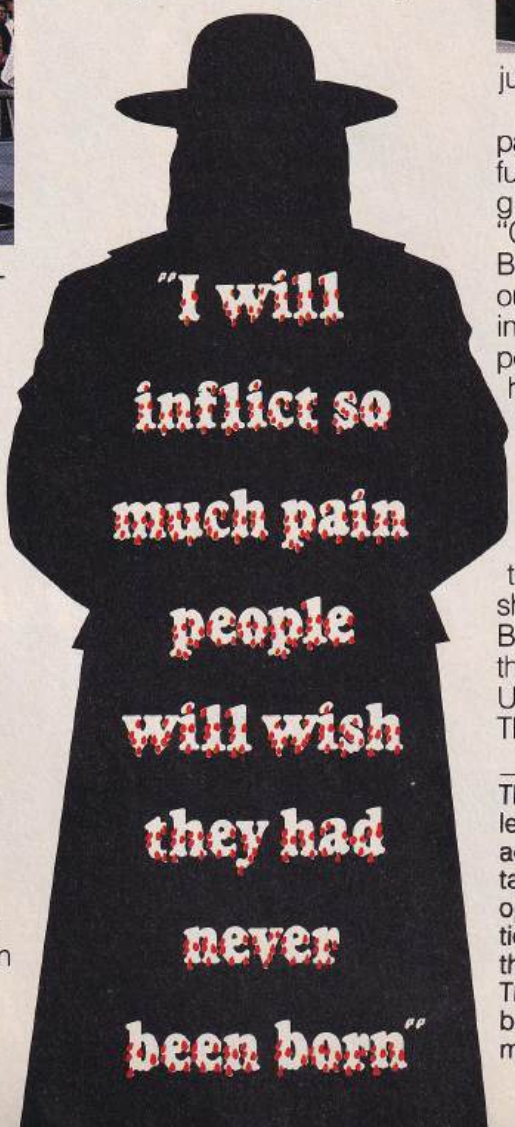
help them escape his grasp. Agility doesn't seem to work. Speed doesn't either. Eventually, unless the opponent runs for the cover of the dressing room—as some have done—he catches up with them. And when he does, they meet their end.

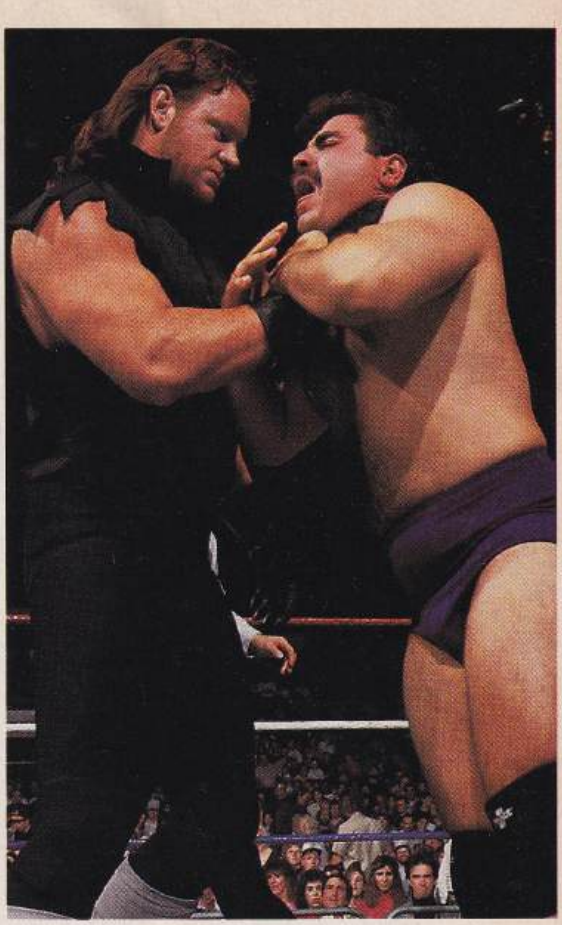
Ironically, the Undertaker has selected as his manager a man who professes to have the direct opposite philosophy. That man is Brother Love, paunchy, piggy-eyed proponent of fellowship. At least that's what the Brother proclaims. Experience has taught us, however, that Brother Love is a sniveling toady who courts and tries to emulate people he perceives as his betters, people he thinks can help him get ahead in the world, people such as the Million Dollar Man and the Macho King.

"Brother Undertaker," says Brother Love, "has brought his own brand of love to the ring. You've never seen anybody like him before. He's going to rid the ring of people who don't have true love in their hearts. Oh, yes, the Undertaker will be their doom. He'll put them under a tombstone."

The "tombstone" to which Brother Love refers is the Undertaker's fearsome finishing move. It's a horrendously effective reverse piledriver that leaves its victims broken and unconscious on the mat. With the full force of the Undertaker's vicious nature and 325-pound body behind it, the tombstone seems capable of driving those he catches in it through the ring to the arena floor below. Certainly, the Undertaker seems to be trying to do just that.

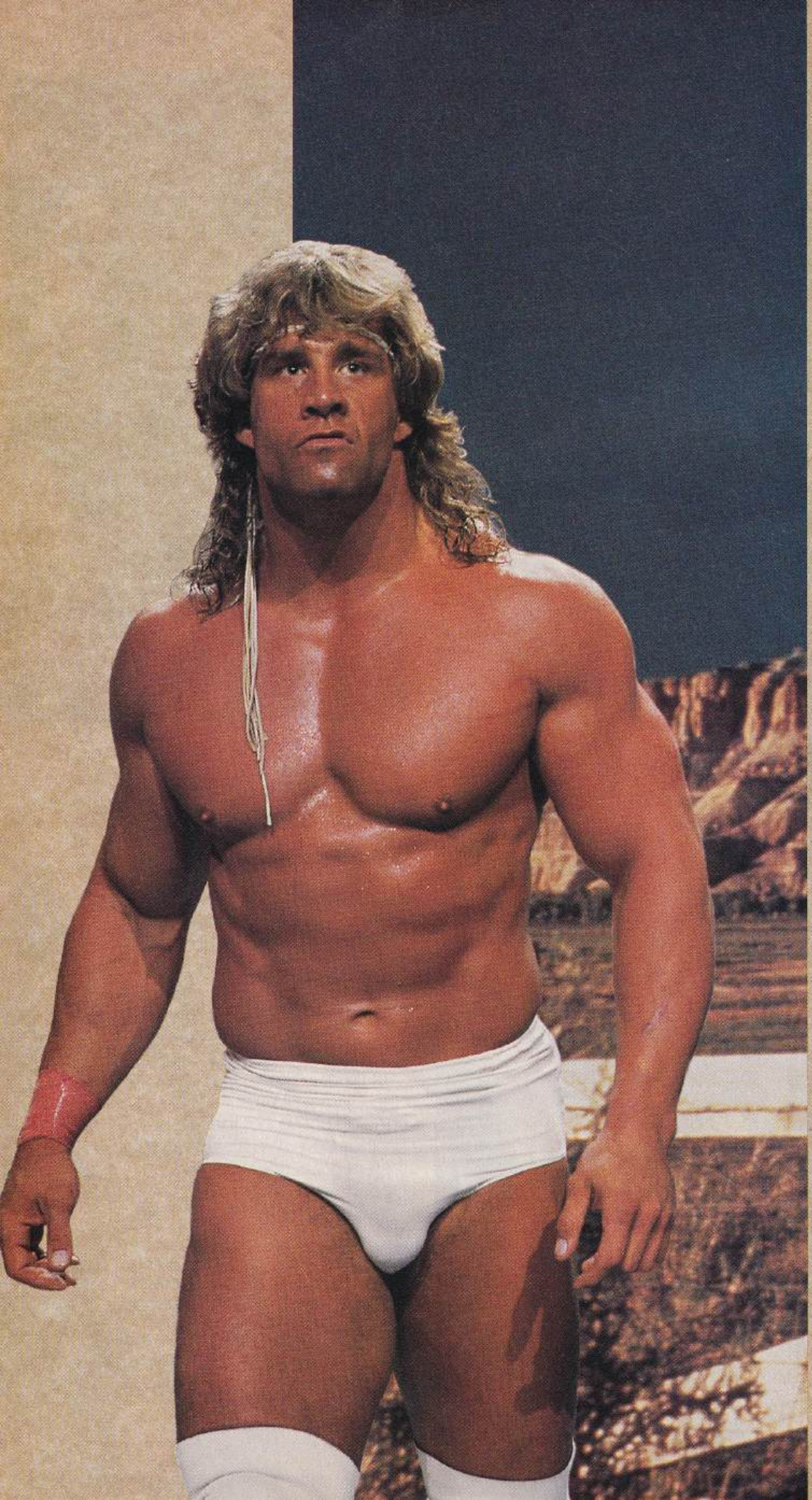
"My tombstone will put you six feet under," whispers the Undertaker. "It will put you someplace you'll never come back from. It means you're all done, history, just a sad memory."





Simpering, Brother Love parades around the Undertaker, full of lurid delight, his little eyes gleaming with nasty anticipation. "Oh yes, Undertaker," says Brother Love. "You tell everybody out there what you are. You're my instrument of punishment for people in the WWF who don't have love in their black hearts. With you, I'm going to show all those people that they were wrong not to listen to Brother Love. I'm going to show some of them—like Hulk Hogan and the Ultimate Warrior—that they shouldn't have put their hands on Brother Love. I've always said there's great power in love. Undertaker, you are that power. The Grim Reaper of Love." WF

The Undertaker's tombstone is a lethal maneuver. However, before administering it, the Undertaker takes pleasure in disabling his opponent with other punishing tactics, such as thunderous blows off the top rope and blatant chokes. This ruthless nature can only benefit the Undertaker in the months to come.



REME
THE A

Tornado Battles DiBiase For Texas Pride

Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase is no stranger to the state of Texas. "A long time ago, someone told me that everything was big in the Lone Star State," he begins, "big oil wells, big office buildings and hotels, big tracts of land. So I went down there to take advantage of the resources and exploit them in my favor. And you know what? It was easy. Texas might be big in size, but when you talk about *Texans*, you're talking about small brains. I didn't even have to negotiate with the idiots—I just stole the state out from under them.

"When you're dealing with Texans, it's like dealing with a slow class at a nursery school—there's no challenge. They have a lot of things to take, but nothing to offer. They're so dull it's hardly any fun robbing them. If there wasn't so much money to make in that miserable state, I never would have lowered myself by setting foot in it in the first place. The only thing good coming out of Texas is the highway leading to Oklahoma."

The Texas Tornado doesn't agree. To him, Texas is a pre-

MBER LAMO

cious place, always in his heart no matter where he travels, and Texans are extraordinary people.

"I remember a woman, left widowed with next to nothing in the bank, who'd still dig into her savings to buy clothes and food for those poorer than she was," he recalls. "There was a preacher who'd open up his home to anyone who needed to stay there; the doctor who'd drive 50 miles in a blizzard to make house calls; the farmer who donated half his land so an orphanage could be built there.

"That's the Texas I know. It's not about oil fields and glass-fronted buildings, or Lear jets and plantations. It's about people. People who care about others. People who practice what they preach. People who never hesitate to show kindness.

"They say that everything's big in Texas, and I truly believe that. But big isn't the measurements of a building or the sum of a bank account. Big is the size of a Texan's heart."

The Tornado hopes his big Texan heart will help him avenge a series of humiliations perpetrated by the Million Dollar Man. A master at psychological warfare, DiBiase gained an advantage over his rival long before the two were scheduled to clash in the ring. As reported in the last issue of *WWF Mag-*

With his pride of Texas fueling his fire, the Texas Tornado wants to tear apart the Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase. It was he, if you recall, who played a key role in the Tornado's loss of the Intercontinental Title to Mr. Perfect.

azine, the Million Dollar Man interfered in the Tornado's Intercontinental Title defense against Mr. Perfect, costing the Lone Star native the cherished championship. A short time later, DiBiase appeared on *The Brother Love Show*, taunting competitor Dustin Rhodes about his humble Texas roots, then pummeling the young man. The episode sent the Texas Tornado raging out of the dressing room to aid the youngster and punish the cocky millionaire for his inflammatory comments.

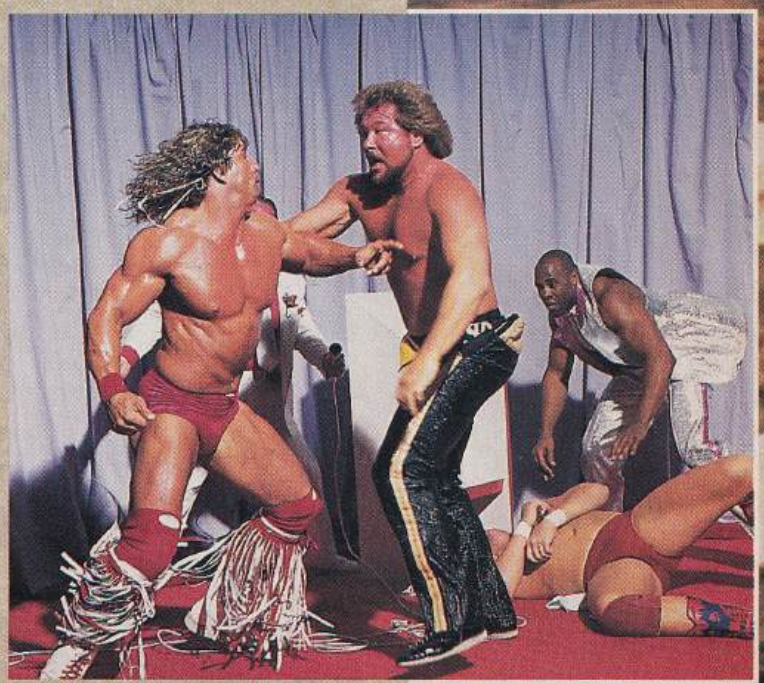
"When I heard DiBiase running down the place where I was born, the place where I was raised, the place I love as much as I love anything in the world, I was just burning inside," the Tornado says. "I couldn't see straight. I don't even remember running out of the dressing room. I just remember that if I let his comments go unpunished, I would be selling short all those fine Texans who molded my values, my character and my whole outlook on life."

Does he realize that his fury was deliberately engineered by his bitter enemy? "Sure, I understand DiBiase's game plan," the Tornado says. "He's talking about things close to my heart, so I'm furious. That's his whole method of doing things—throwing the other wrestler off-balance and zeroing in. Well, the Texas Tornado knows exactly where he stands. Ted DiBiase, you've wronged me, brother. And I'm gonna fight as bravely and as hard as my ancestors did at the Alamo."

Mention the Alamo to a Texan, and you're sure to

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

Since the controversial title match, the Tornado has been determined to get his hands on DiBiase. When the Tornado does, he reveals, he will attempt to pull DiBiase apart limb from limb. If the former Intercontinental titleholder manages to do this, then he will go all-out for it and trap DiBiase in the claw hold.

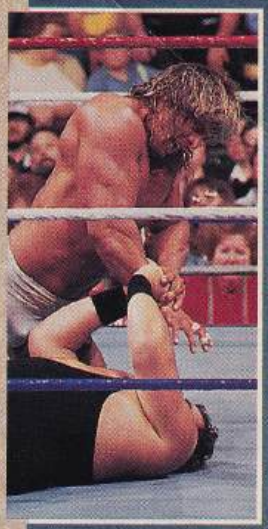


conjure up pride and emotion. In 1836, 200 Texans, struggling for their independence from Mexico, defended the fortress in San Antonio against a force of 4,000 Mexicans. "The story of the Alamo is a story of heart and a story of courage," the Tornado says. "When you battle a man as ruthless as DiBiase, you need that kind of Texas spirit to see you through."

DiBiase also refers to the Alamo when discussing his impending war with the Tornado—but from a much different perspective. "You know what happened at the Alamo?!" he laughs. "The Texans got slaughtered! All their top fighters—Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie—were wiped out. You know why? Because Texans are stubborn and stupid. They went into battle even though the odds were stacked against them. And they paid for it—just the way they deserved."

His eyes narrow as he ponders the challenge of the Texas Tornado. "Yeah, he's a true Texan all right. He's big, dumb, and he thinks with his heart and not with his head. He's all upset because I made fun of the dump he calls home. And, like those fools at the Alamo, he's ready to mix it up, even though he's in way over his thick head."

Or is he? The Tornado is one of the strongest men in professional wrestling, and he knows how to best use his power as a result of lengthy training sessions with his friend, Ultimate Warrior. Although he no longer possesses the Intercontinental Belt, most experts agree that he'd still be the titlist if not for DiBiase's intervention. "People still can't believe the way he just walked into the WWF and took the belt from Mr. Perfect," says one WWF insider. "No one has ever achieved so much in such a short time. The man is a phenomenon."



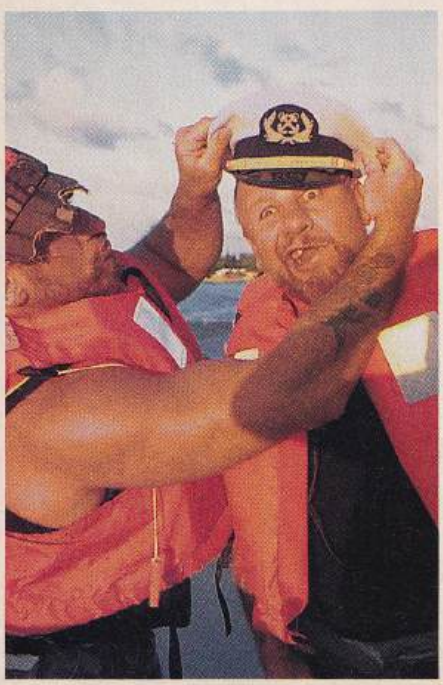
A master of the dreaded iron claw as well as the twisting Texas Tornado punch, the Lone Star gladiator is capable of defeating even a man of DiBiase's skills in seconds. "The Tornado has such a mighty arsenal that he can overwhelm you as soon as the bell sounds," continues the insider. "He's the type of wrestler who never lets up. He's on a mission now—he feels he's defending his entire state. Even if DiBiase wanted to buy himself out of a beating, he couldn't. The Tornado has to do it for Texas."

Those in DiBiase's camp believe that the Tornado's commitment to the folks back home will be a detriment. "When you're in the ring with the Million Dollar Man, you'd better concentrate on the job at hand," says one of the conspicuous consumer's business associates. "Tornado's too distracted, getting all sentimental about the people in Texas. Well, the people in Texas aren't gonna do him any good when DiBiase slaps on the Million Dollar Dream and sends him to la-la land."

But the Tornado thinks otherwise. "The people of Texas are always with me, whether I'm wrestling in Dallas or Houston—or Cleveland or Miami, for that matter. They're in my soul, making me as bold as the folks who fought at the Alamo, giving me the personal strength to pull through any struggle and achieve victory. Ted DiBiase, the eyes of Texas are upon you, and those eyes *will* see the glory of your destruction. DiBiase, remember the Alamo." WF

PHOTOS BY TOM BUCHANAN

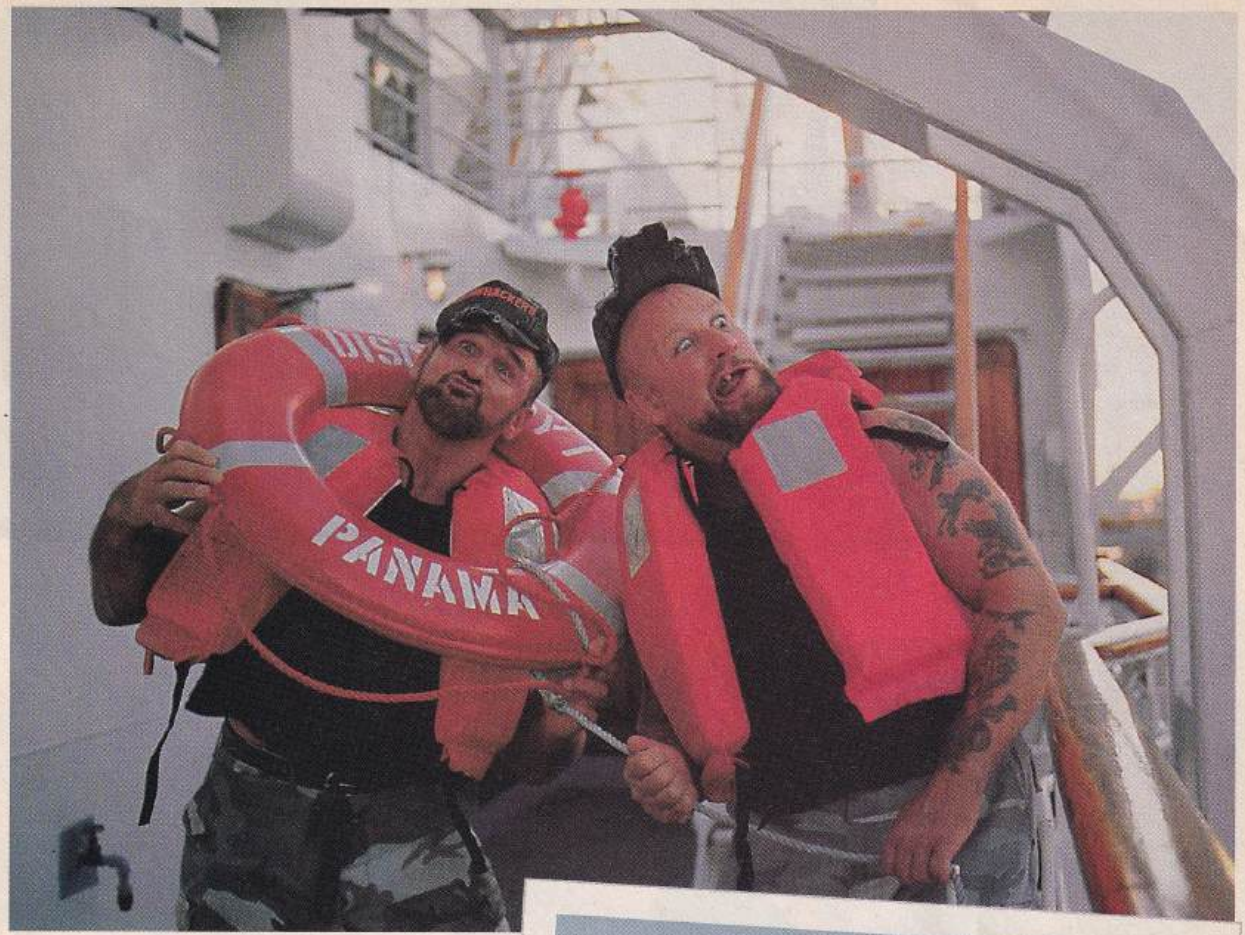
The Bushwhackers Hit The Open Seas



The Bushwhackers, Luke and Butch, put professional wrestling on the back burner for one day so that they could try their hand at seamanship. The zany pair booked passage aboard a luxury cruise ship, which toured Florida's west coast. This experience, according to the Bushwhackers, will leave a lasting impression on their minds for some years to come. Here's why.

When they boarded the vessel, the Bushwhackers—who later confessed that they were fearful of the sea—went on a tear in their customary wacky manner. Their first order of business was to get acquainted with the captain. So the WWF's gruesome twosome made their way up to the ship's bridge, where they convinced the helmsman to relinquish the wheel.

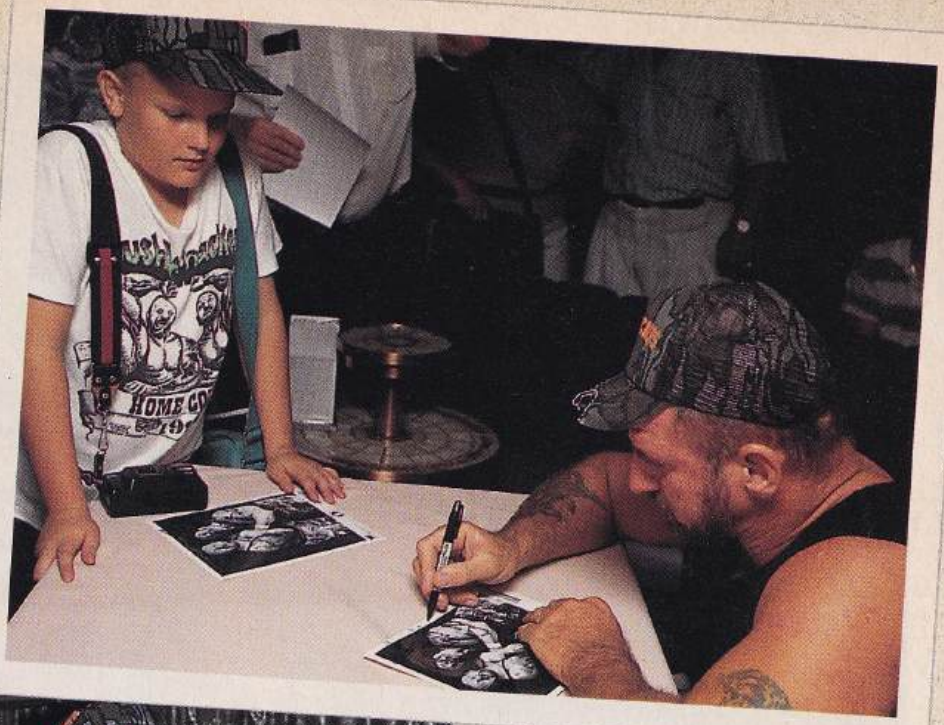
"Oh, cousin, we were better than Blackbeard and Captain Hook put together," shouted Butch of the adventure. "We were out in the open water, and, cousin, I was thinking about sailing all the way back to New Zealand so we could get back to the bush."

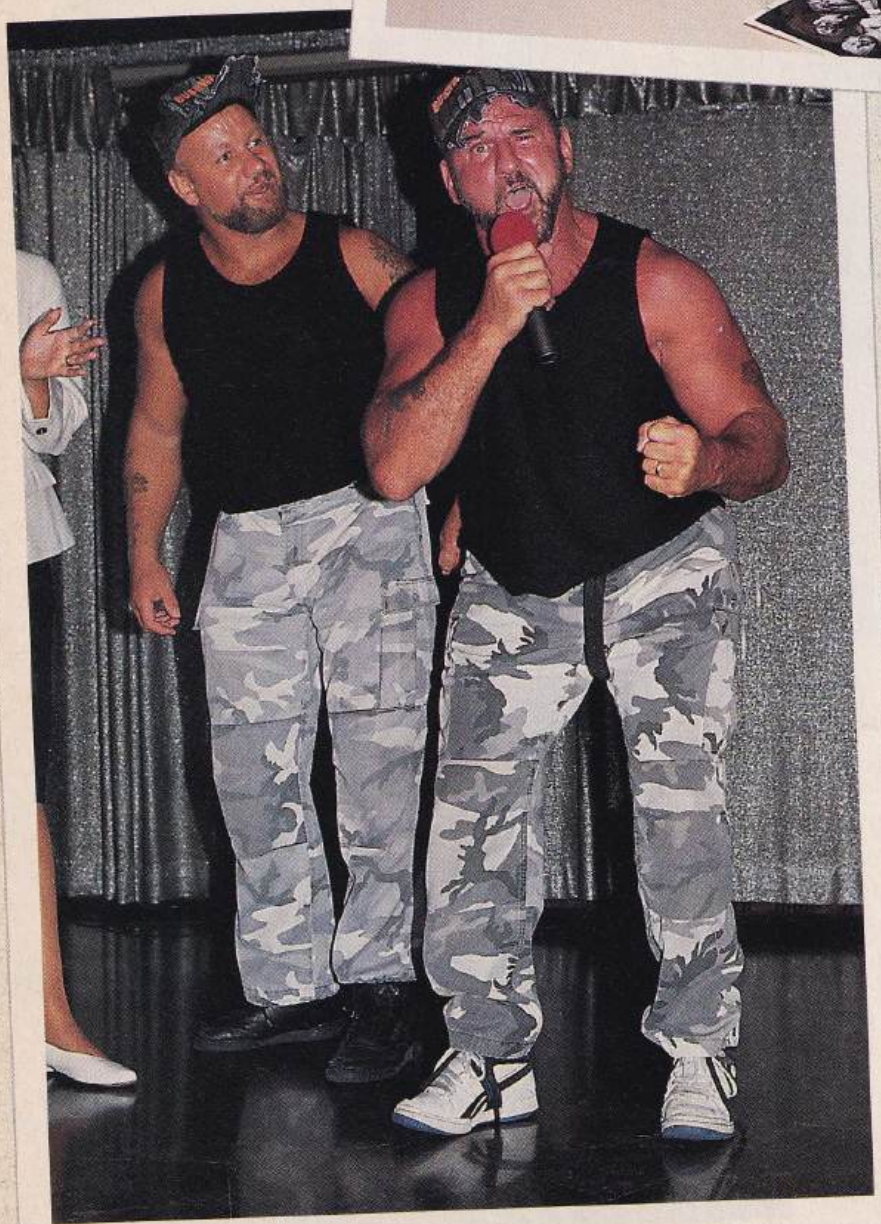


The Bushwhackers, Luke and Butch, recently set sail on the great blue sea when they stepped aboard a luxury liner and sailed the Florida coastline. Once the ship left the dock, they met the captain, who assured them that their zany lives were in good hands. From there, the Bushwhackers—who weren't taking any chances—carefully evaluated the condition of the lifeboats and donned life vests and other flotation devices. They didn't mind being passengers on a cruise ship, the WWF tag team later told this magazine. In the same breath, they didn't want to be passengers on another *Titanic*. With that, it's easy to understand their cautious ways.

"Our Bushwhackeroos would've loved that, wouldn't they, cousin?" asked Luke. "Being the captain of a ship is a lot of fun."

However, the fun didn't stop there, because after they visited the captain, Luke and Butch then marched to the deck and checked





out the lifeboats. The Bushwhackers, who always exercise uncustomary caution when they're near water, examined the boats for cracks, holes and other possible defects. Of course, they found none.

However, Luke and Butch still wanted an extra security blanket in the event of an emergency. So, to ensure that they were totally safe and sound, they fastened life preservers around their necks before they continued their marching and touring.

While on their tour, Luke and Butch came in contact with some of the other passengers. Talk about fun! The luxury liner really began to swing at that point!

"There we were, mate, me and Luke, holding onto our lives with those preservers," Butch said. "But as we walked around, mate, we bumped into our Bushwhackeroos. We had Bushwhackeroos right there in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico."

That they did. In no time at all, Luke and Butch sat down and began to sign autographs and pose for pictures. If that wasn't enough, the Bushwhackers then gave their fans an added treat—something they don't do every time they're in the ring. As a mat-

The Bushwhackers signed autographs and met with the passengers aboard the luxury liner. Then Luke and Butch took center stage and performed in vaudeville style! After a long day at sea, however, these Whackers were bushed and caught 40 winks in the bottom of a lifeboat. When they finally made it back to shore some hours afterward, the Bushwhackers wished the luxury liner a Bushwhacker bon voyage. Although they both enjoyed the cruise, Luke and Butch told *WWF Magazine* that they were landlubbers at heart and, for the time being, the Bushwhackers will be more than content to have their feet firmly planted on solid ground.

ter of fact, it's something they usually don't do at all.

The Bushwhackers gave their fellow passengers a vaudeville treat. That's right, you read it. Vaudeville!

"Oh, matey, everyone's heard about that great American vaudeville performer Al Jolson, right?" Butch asked. "He's the guy who sang *Mammy*. Well, me and Luke did our version of it, except we called it *Tell Your Mammy!*"

After this entertainment, the Bushwhackers decided to call it a day. Suffering from the rigors of the sea, their only wish was to retire to a nice, comfortable lifeboat and saw wood for the rest of the voyage.

"You know, mate, being from the bush, we didn't know what to expect out there on the Florida coast," Luke explained. "You've heard about a fish out of water, right? Well, we were like two Whackers out of the woods. But it wasn't so bad after all, this Bushwhacker adventure on the high seas, mate!" WF

by Lou Gianfriddo

Protein Power

Animal and Hawk, the Legion of Doom, have created a new protein drink that, according to them, will add more muscle to their already monstrous frames. The added muscle, the Legion of Doom explains, will give them more power. This is important to Hawk and Animal because if they have more power in their bodies, then they will be able to, and *Lowdown* quotes, "kick the Orient Express' and Mr. Fuji's butts harder than they've ever been kicked before!"

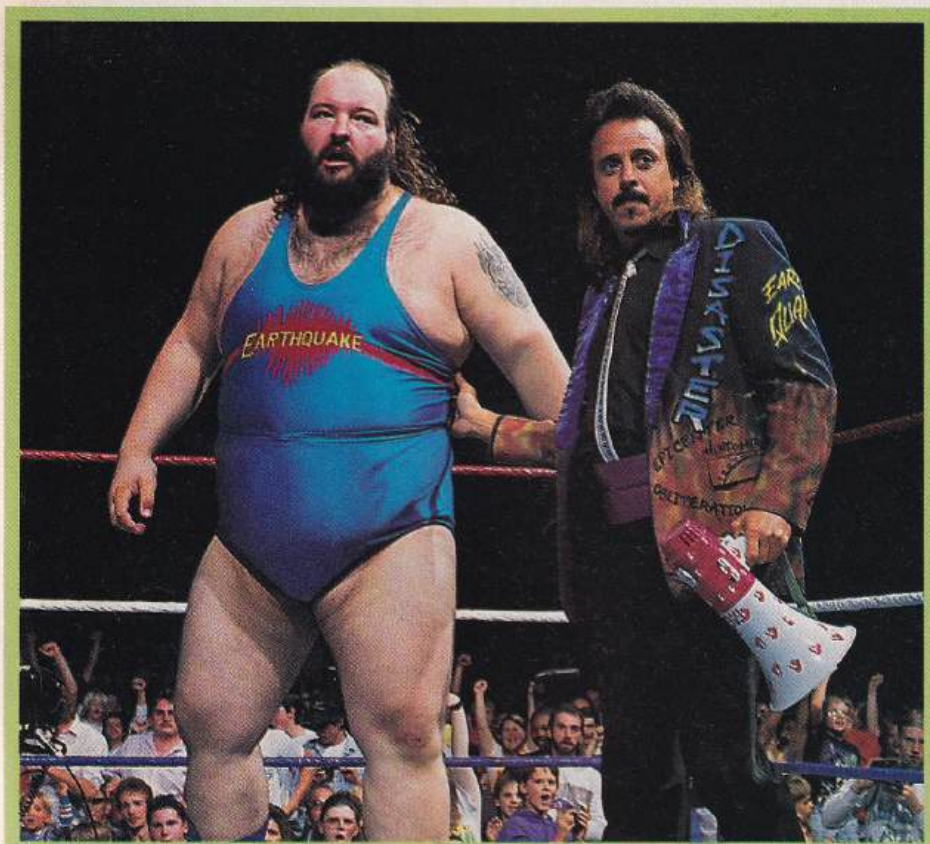
Just what are the ingredients in this potent power mix, you ask? Listen to the Legion of Doom.

"Well, first we start off with a half-dozen raw eggs," Hawk tells *Lowdown*. "Then we throw in some LOD-endorsed protein powder. To give it some flavor, we add a can of oysters, bananas, milk and a tin of anchovies—with the bones inside 'em for more calcium."

"Shove it all in a blender," Animal goes on, "and in a minute, you got yourself a protein drink that'll knock you into next week."

"Drink it down," adds Hawk. "And...ahhh, what a rush! Orient Express, Mr. Fuji, this stuff is good for us, but it'll be a drag for you when we meet in the ring!"

Hawk and Animal of the Legion of Doom have recently gone on a new health kick.



Earthquake

The walking natural disaster, Earthquake, has promised his manager, Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, that he will finally cripple Hulk Hogan once and for all. The next time they meet, vows Earthquake, the Hulkster will be carried from the ring on a stretcher and then taken to the ICU ward at the closest hospital.

"It will be a long, cold winter for you, Hulk Hogan," Earthquake reports to *Lowdown*. "And it'll be even longer when you're lying flat on a bed, staring up at the ceiling and counting the cobwebs in the Intensive Care Unit. I promise you and my brilliant manager, Jimmy Hart, that Hulk Hogan and *Hulkamania* will be dead! You just mark my words!" WF

Earthquake has vowed to his manager, Jimmy Hart, that he'll hospitalize Hulk Hogan before WrestleMania VII.

Lowdown

The Marines Join Forces With The WWF!

This past Christmas, the WWF teamed up with the United States Marines in a toy drive for underprivileged children at a mall in Stamford, Connecticut. Entitled Toys for Tots, this joint effort proved to be a great success, gathering over 4,000 toys and a healthy amount of money for underprivileged children.

Some of the WWF's most recognized superstars turned out for this event, including the likes of the Big Boss Man, Jake "The Snake" Roberts and retired WWF manager Classy Freddy Blassie. After this toy-raising campaign, the superstars told *Lowdown* that they relished the opportunity to ally themselves with the Marines in an effort to make less fortunate people happier at Christmastime.

"It felt great working side by side with the United States Marine Corps," commented Blassie, who for many years was one of the WWF's most successful managers. "At the time, I too felt like a soldier, fighting to make Christmas a more enjoyable holiday for the needy."

"Toys for Tots is something that the Big Boss Man stands behind 100 percent," the Boss Man added. "Speaking for myself, if I get called to do this next Christmas, then I'll be there front and center, just like the Marines."

Speaking on behalf of the World Wrestling Federation, if any of you are interested in having one of the WWF's finest athletes make a personal appearance, please write to:

World Wrestling Federation
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Classy Freddy Blassie and the Boss Man raised toys for tots.

Rowdy Roddy Piper's Steaming Mad

Rowdy Roddy Piper is ripping mad over the way the Million Dollar Man treated his ex-bodyguard, Virgil. If you recall, DiBiase—just prior to the *Royal Rumble*—verbally and physically abused Virgil in a variety of ways. After one match, for example, DiBiase threw a handful of cash down to the canvas. He then ordered Virgil to pick it up. When the bodyguard didn't move as quickly as DiBiase wanted, the Million Dollar Man wound up and slapped Virgil across the face in front of a national television audience.

This incident, along with many others, got under Piper's skin. Hot Rod told *Lowdown* that he's totally in Virgil's corner and will stand with him against the Million Dollar Man.

The Matador Is Coming!

The Matador is on his way to the WWF, and when he arrives, he will test his skills against those of the biggest of the bulls in the ring. *Lowdown*—as well as all the fans of the WWF—is waiting to see just what this fine Mexican competitor has to offer.

Keep your eyes open for the Matador!

VIEWPOINT

By The Hart Foundation

There's two scruffy nobodies who think they're good enough to go into the ring with the WWF Tag Team Champions and come out in one piece. We're talking about the punks who call themselves Power and Glory. How these amateurs even rate a shot at our title is beyond us, but it's really no problem because we're going to tear them into so many pieces nobody'll know which belong to Power and which to Glory.

We've heard Power and Glory shooting off their mouths about how they're going to put us down. They've won a few matches by cheap shots and dirty tricks, and now they think they're top rank. Talk about big heads!

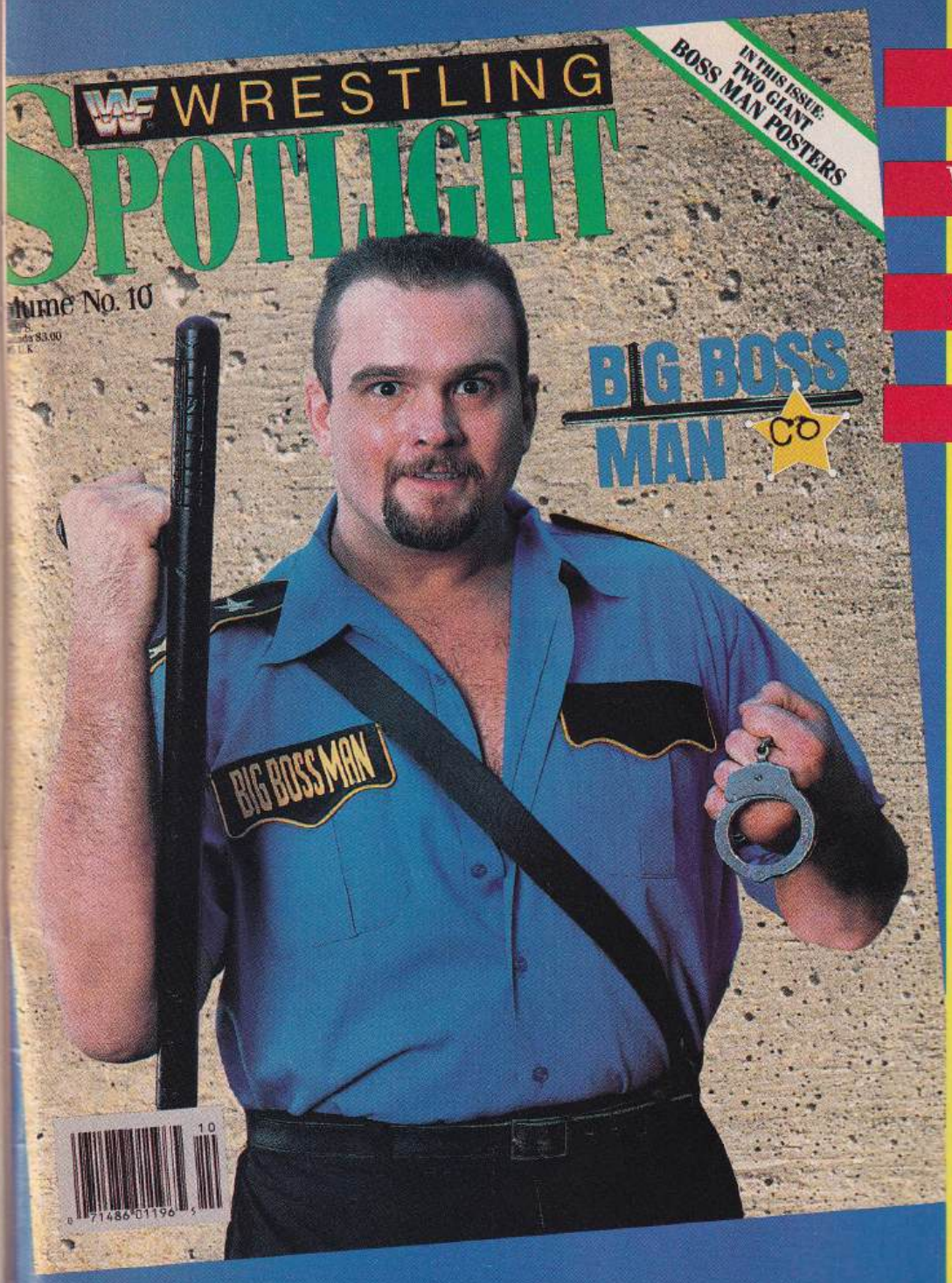
Anyway, getting down to brass tacks. We can tell you why we'll take them. We outclass them in everything. Let's take a look at Power, for example. Sure, he's strong, but so is the Anvil. That negates Power's power. Glory? He's got pretty muscles, but he's even less of a strength matchup for the Anvil than Power.

When it comes to ring technique, there's no comparison. Neither Power nor Glory can come close to the Hit Man. He's forgotten more techniques than they'll ever know.

We're going to win by outmuscling and outwrestling Power and Glory. If they think they'd like to brawl, we'll outbrawl them. We've shown that when the time comes, we can punch out anybody's lights.

Before we forget, there's another area in which there's no contest between us and Power and Glory. That's brains. We got them, and they don't. Not that we really claim to be scholars. But compared to those dumbbells, we're rocket scientists.

So, Power and Glory, come on, get with it. Step into the squared circle with the Hart Foundation. Try and make your hopeless dreams of wearing the belts come true. Give it your all. We know it won't be near enough. WF



LAW and ORDER

WWF WRESTLING SPOTLIGHT PRESENTS

THE BIG BOSS MAN

In just a short period of time, this mammoth man has become a prominent figure in the WWF, loved by the fans but hated and feared by the evil-doers in the ring. This issue of *WWF Wrestling Spotlight* traces the career of the man who gave the term "hard time" a whole new meaning!

DON'T MISS THIS COLLECTOR'S ITEM, ON SALE DECEMBER 20TH!

WWF CROSSWORD

By Larry Humber

ACROSS

1 Veteran WWF official Dave _____ (6)
4 Brawl (6)
9 The Hulkster's *Survivor Series* team, Hulka_____ (7)
10 An allegedly poisonous snake (5)
11 Relaxes, _____ up (5)
12 Let go (7)
13 Big ____ Man (4)
15 Possesses (4)
18 Greg Valentine's hometown (7)
21 Admit defeat, throw in the _____ (5)
23 Moron (5)
24 He was blinded by Rick Martel's cologne (7)
25 The WWF's president (6)
26 Occasionally, *WWF Main Event* is seen on this night (6)

DOWN

1 Nickname of 18 Across (6)
2 Stoops (5)
3 Expires (7)
5 Ted DiBiase is a long-time _____ of the Hulkster (5)
6 DiBiase was one at the *Survivor Series* (7)
7 Urban shrewdness, _____ smarts (6)
8 Boris Zhukov's homeland: abbr. (4)
14 Round of applause (7)
15 Nikolai Volkoff was born the 14th of this month (7)
16 Help (6)
17 _____ Freddy Blassie (6)
19 The Hart Foundation took the tag team _____ from Demolition at *SummerSlam '90* (5)
20 Brother of 1 Across (4)
22 What the first "W" in WWF stands for (5)

Answers to this puzzle will be published in the April WWF Magazine *on sale March 15*

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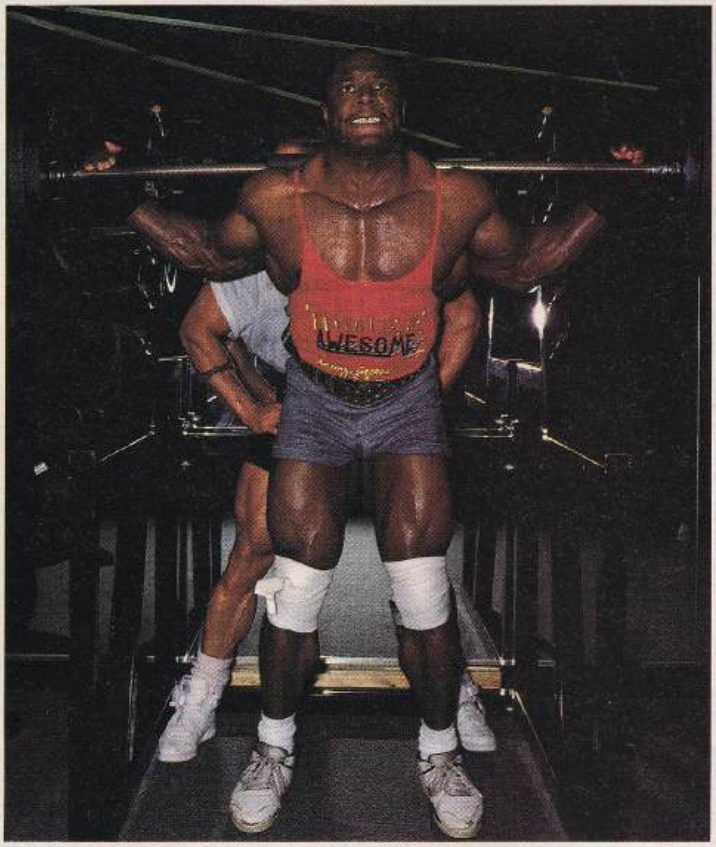

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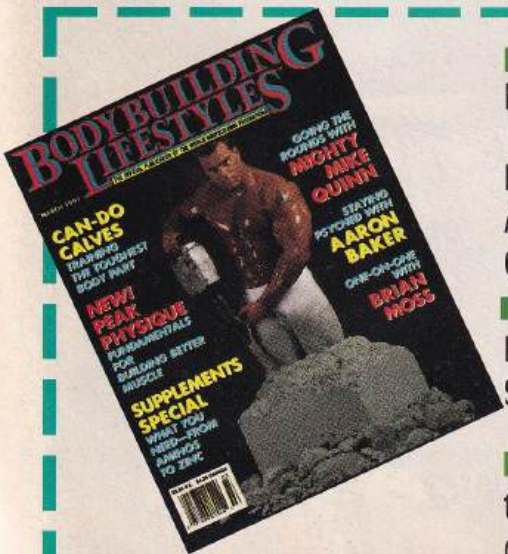

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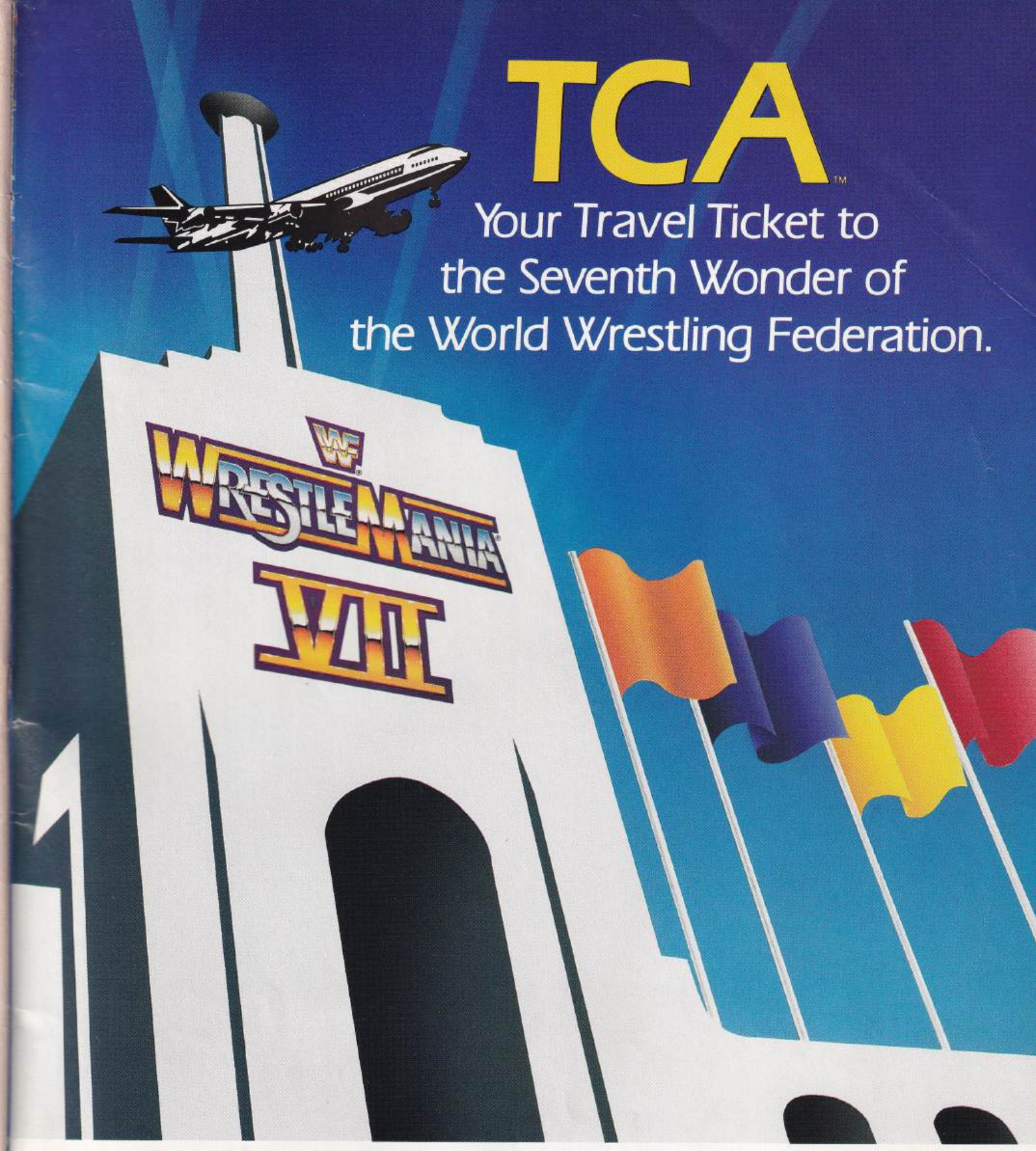
H103HC

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Whenever Hacksaw Jim Duggan thinks about Saddam Hussein, Sgt. Slaughter and General Adnan, he opens up his mouth and lets fly a Bronx cheer. If, however, any of the mentioned men were to get in Hacksaw's face, then he'd let his two-by-four fly at their skulls!

PHOTO BY: TOM BUCHANAN



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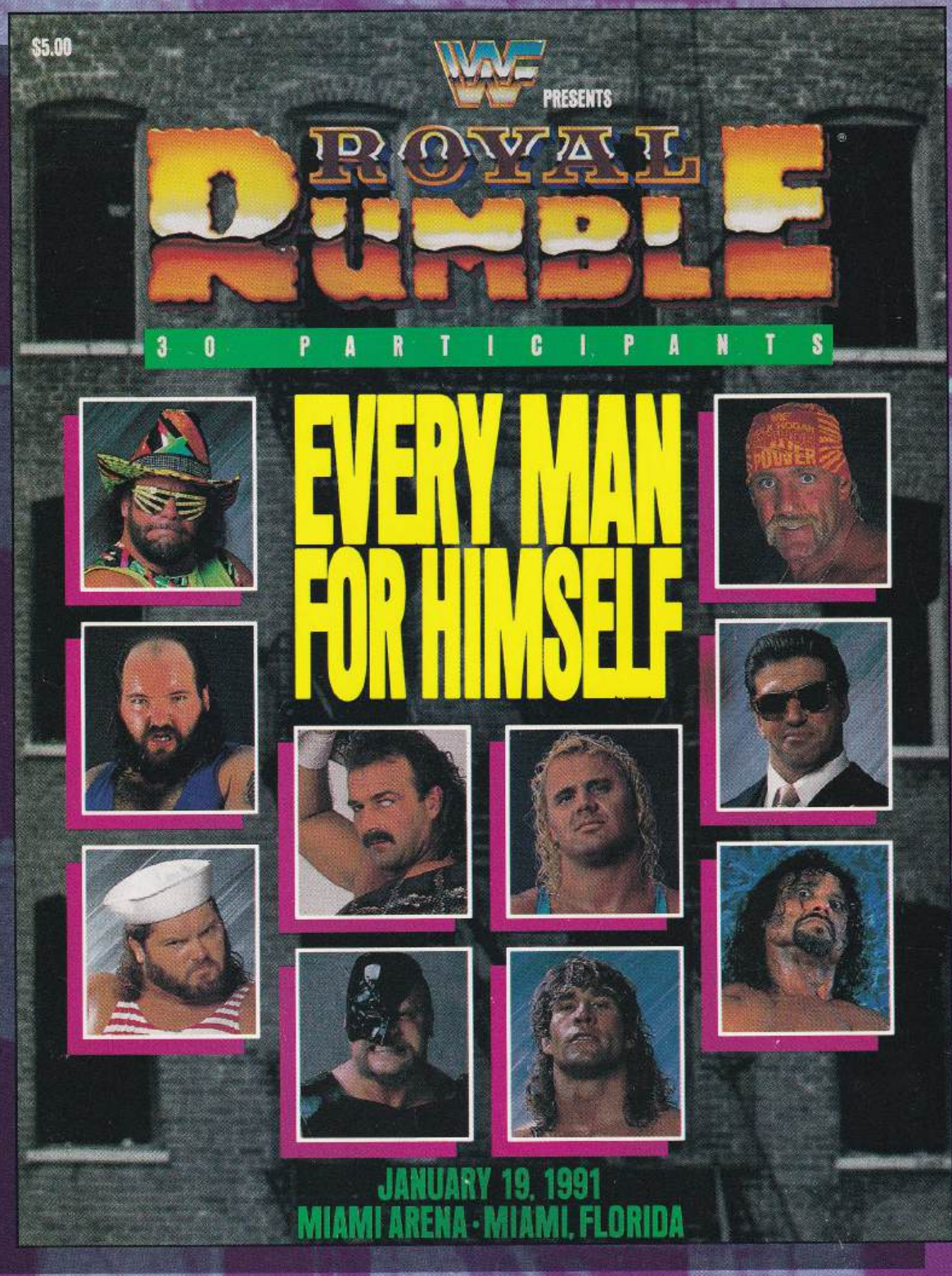

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